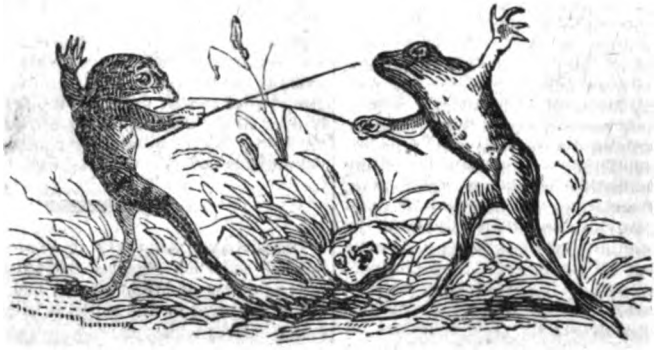
A CONSULTATION.

The Doctors, in all ages and countries, have been distinguished by the length of their *bills*. However they may differ in other respects—and doctors will sometimes differ—in that there is always a resemblance. This peculiarity has induced some waggish artist to make the foregoing picture. It supposes a meeting after the death of a patient—a not uncommon thing, by the way,—to consult on the particulars of his case. Each differs from the others as to the symptoms, and their war of words is conducted with furious gestures. Neither is willing to recede from his opinions: he would almost as soon swallow his own medicine. In one thing they are unanimous—the length of their bills. That is a matter about which they never disagree.

"A HIT—A PALPABLE HIT."



Duelling is a pretty—genteel—agreeable sport, provided there is no claret drawn. Nothing can sound better than the report of a meeting in the field of honour, provided it has not to be preceded by the report of an ugly pistol. Formerly, when gentlemen had quarrelled, and called each other out, it was usually followed by something more demonstrative than words; but now they meet to exchange grave looks, and after a few preliminary flourishes, renew protestations of kindness.

Since the bloody part of the business has been discarded, duelling has come into vogue among the lower animals, who find this method of settling difficulties very pleasant pastime. The frogs, who ever since the days of Homer, have been a pugnacious race, are quite delighted at the modern improvement in the science of the duello, as they can now satisfy their martial ardour, without any bodily injury.

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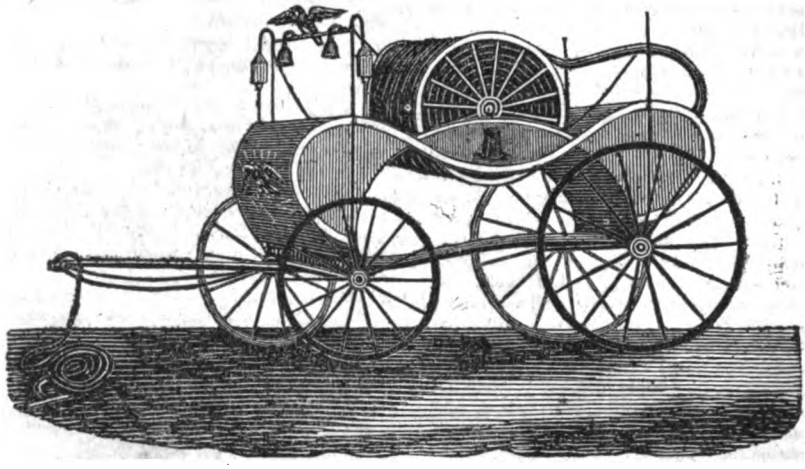
THE PHILADELPHIA FIREMEN.

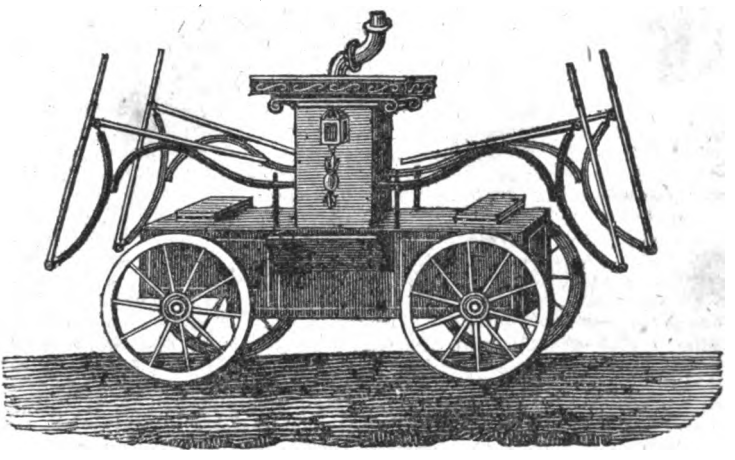


We are less given to boasting in this city than most of our neighbours, but it is not because we have not enough to be proud of. Our pleasant streets—our commodious houses—our public walks—our unrivalled markets—our magnificent water-works—all these, and many things besides, might well justify a little self-adulation; but we choose rather to let our deeds speak for us, than to blow praises with our own trumpet. But while we are proverbially silent on all other topics, there is one on which a Philadelphian is always sure to expatiate, and that is the merit of our Firemen. Every body is proud of them, and every body praises them, and amply do they deserve it.

There is not in all the world—we do not speak figuratively, nor in the language of exaggeration—a more generous, self-sacrificing, devoted and public-spirited class of men than the Philadelphia Firemen. Prompted by motives of the most disinterested kindness, they employ their time—apply their means—exhaust their strength—and risk their lives for the benefit of their fellow citizens. With none of the incentives which make a man brave, even in spite of a natural cowardice, on the battle-field, they exhibit a courage never surpassed in the boldest soldiers; and they encounter difficulties and toil, and suffering, with a cheerfulness that nothing but the most unselfish benevolence could inspire. The duties of the fireman are arduous in the extreme, but they are performed without murmuring; and he feels himself amply rewarded for the most dangerous services by the quiet approbation of his own conscience. He asks no compensation for his labours: he means that they shall be freely and frankly given, and they are. Day after day, and night after night, he is summoned to his post, but however wearied with previous exertions, however worn with previous fatigue, he never refuses the call. In all cases, his own comforts are made to give way to the interests of his fellow citizens; for it is his pride, no less than his pleasure, to sacrifice all selfish considerations to the general good. At all times—in all seasons—under the burning heats of summer—amid the frosts and snows of winter—he is always prompt—always ready. His heart leaps at the sound of the well-known bell; and when it falls upon his ear he hastens away, whether from the table or the couch—the fireside of his family, or the presence of his love. Nothing can restrain him. Heavy indeed must be the hand of sickness laid upon him, when it is sufficient to detain him; and after which the quick consuming fever rages in his veins, or slow debility fastens on his frame, regardless of pain, and careless of danger, he seeks the scene of conflagration to contribute his assistance. His enthusiasm is equal to his devotedness. In every thing connected with his department he has an ardor that bears down all opposition; and such is his zeal, that any offence given to his associates he resents as a personal injury. He feels the importance—not of his individual services, for vanity makes no part of his character, *but* of the institutions of which he forms a part, and he will suffer no imputation upon them to go unquestioned. Sometimes his fervour may outrun discretion; but his zeal is always a consequence of disinterested feeling, for it springs from a desire to prevent all interruption to the utility of his efforts.

The Philadelphia Firemen, taken in the mass, are composed of the very flower of the young men of the city. They come out from among all classes of society; they are of all creeds in religion; they belong to all parties in politics; they are of all varieties of temper, inclinations, and habits; but in devotion to the public good—in anxiety for the public welfare; devotion and anxiety, shown not by words only, but by deeds, they are cordially united. Whatever occasional differences may exist among themselves, are not allowed to interfere with the general safety; and if sometimes they are led to contention and strife, it must be remembered that their differences spring from a generous rivalry to exert in well-doing. Nor is their willingness to do good limited to their own homes and city. Wherever they can render service, they are anxious to be present; and they never stop to calculate cost or trouble in their enterprises. Who has forgotten—who can forget the promptitude—the cheerfulness—the ardor with which they offered their aid to their suffering brethren of New York! In the very midst of a most inclement winter, they were willing to leave the comfort of their own hearthstones, to hasten to the relief of those whom they thought required their aid. They cared nothing for the barriers of snow and ice that interposed; they did not feel the searching frost; they did not regard the toil they were voluntarily assuming; they thought only of those who were distressed; and in spite of

all obstacles, they pressed on to their assistance. Acts like these, though seemingly unimportant, are the best indications of motive. They can hardly be misunderstood or misconstrued. There is nothing about them that can be bartered into selfishness. They are the offspring of a noble disregard of all the meaner springs which regulate human conduct; a generous yielding to the better and higher impulses of our nature. Honour and praise, say we to the Philadelphia Firemen. Who dares gainsay it?



MONODY.

BY MORTON M'MICHAEL.

Departed one, farewell!
A long—a last farewell we bid thee now:
Pale death has set his signet on thy brow;
And in that dreamless cell,
Where worn Mortality casts off its woes,
In blest oblivion of all earthly throes,
Where but the lifeless dwell,—
Thou hast laid down in everlasting rest:
Care cannot reach thee now, nor grief distract thy breast.

Unfortunate! thy soul
Was nobler far than men's of common mould;
But, through thy heart a tide of feeling rolled
That might not brook control,
Nor be restrained in its impetuous course,
But onward rush, as bounds an Arab horse,
Seeking its destined goal:
Thy spirit sought renown, and this to gain
Thou didst encounter toil, and penury, and pain.

Alas! that man should bow
So slavishly before the phantom Fame;
Or feverish thirst of an immortal name
Have power to scathe thy brow
With the deep lines of premature decay.
Those outward tokens which too well display
What words may not avow—
The inly spirit's travail, and the pain
That rolls in floods of fire across the aching brain.

Thine was a hapless fate!
Though Genius girt thee with her magic spell,
And bright-eyed Fancy loved with thee to dwell,
And thy wrapt mind, elate,
Bourne upward on its viewless wings would soar
The empyrean through, and all its heights explore;
Yet couldst thou not create,
With all thy gifted skill, the deathless name
For which thy bosom burned with an absorbing flame.

Thou wert but young to die!
Yet brief and transient as thy life hath been,
In gazing o'er its many-colored scene,
Too much we may descry
Of deep and wasting care, and the keen sense
Of injury and wrong, corroding and intense;
Then better thus to lie
In thine appointed house, the narrow grave,
Than be to this cold world a victim or a slave.

Lamented one! fond eyes
Have wept for thee till all their founts were dry,
And from fond lips hath burst the thrilling cry;
And moans and choking sighs
Have swell'd their anguish'd heart, and that deep grief,
To which nor time nor change can bring relief:
Untimely sacrifice!
Friendship hath poured for thee the willing tear,
And strangers mourned thy doom standing beside thy bier.

Yet, let us not repine:
Thy loss of earth to thee is heavenly gain,
Thou hast exchanged the state of woe and pain,
For one that's all divine:
And springing from the darkness of the clay,
Uprisen in a new and glorious day:
The place of rest is thine—
Thy race is o'er—thou hast obtained the goal,
Where mortal sin and strife no more possess control.

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MYNHEER WYBRAND LOLKES AND HIS WIFE.

MYNHEER WYBRAND LOLKES was a native of Holland, born at Jelst, in West Friezland, in the year 1730, of parents in but indifferent circumstances, his father being a fisherman, who, besides this most extraordinary little creature, had to support a family of seven other children, all of whom were of ordinary stature, as were both the father and mother. Wybrand Lolkes, at an early age, exhibited proofs of a taste for mechanism; and when sufficiently grown up, was by the interest of some friends placed with an eminent watch and clock maker at Amsterdam, to learn that business: he continued to serve this master for four years after the expiration of his apprenticeship, and then removed to Rotterdam, where he carried on his trade on his own account, and where he first became acquainted with, and afterwards married the person who accompanied him to England. His trade of a watch maker failing, he came to the resolution of exhibiting his person publicly as a show; and by attending the several Dutch fairs obtained a handsome competency. Impelled by curiosity and in hopes of gain, he came to England, and was visited at Harwich, (where he first landed) by crowds of people; encouraged by this early success, he proceeded to London, and on applying to the late Mr. Philip Astley, obtained an engagement at a weekly salary of five guineas. He first appeared at the Amphitheatre, Westminster Road, on Easter Monday, 1790, and continued to exhibit every evening during the whole season. He was always accompanied by his wife, who came on the stage with him hand in hand, but though he elevated his arm, she was compelled to stoop considerably to meet the proffered honour.

Mynheer Lolkes was a fond husband; he well knew the value of his partner, and repaid her care of him, with the most fervent affection; for he was not one of those men, who

> ————are April when they woo,
> December when they wed.

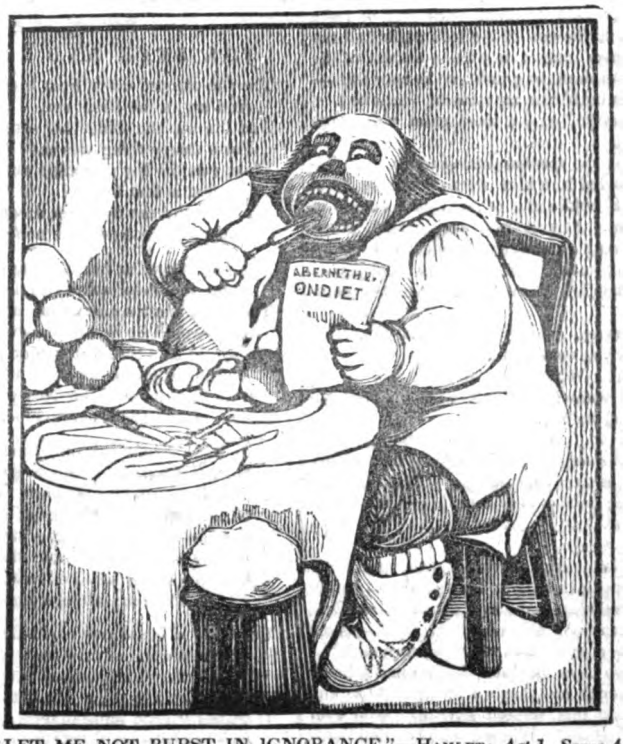
He had by this wife three children, one of which, a son, lived to the age of twenty-three, and was five feet seven inches in height.

This little man, notwithstanding his clumsy and awkward appearance, was remarkably agile, and possessed uncommon strength: he could with the greatest ease spring from the ground into a chair of ordinary height. He was rather of a morose temper and extremely vain of himself, and while discoursing in broken English was extremely (as he imagined) dignified. He continued in England but one season, and through the help of a good benefit, returned to his native country, with his pockets better furnished than when he left it.

A farmer at Westhoughton, England, being on his death-bed, surrounded by his family, with difficulty recited the state of his affairs. "I owe Mr. C—— £10," said the dying man. "How he raves!" exclaimed his hearers. "Mr. D—— owes me £20," he added. "Bless me! how sensible he is to the last!" said the mourners. "I owe Mr. E—— £20," said the sufferer. "There, he's raving again," said his hearers.

HOW TO BRING RAIN.—A scientific cotton spinner, in Cragg Valley, being desirous of rain to raise his mill pond, went, in a thunder storm, to consult his barometer; when, finding the unaccommodating quicksilver, in direct opposition to his wishes, rising instead of falling, he, in a mighty passion, turned the instrument bottom upwards, exclaiming, "There! blast your soul, I'm determined I *will* have rain, in spite of you!"

PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.



"LET ME NOT BURST IN IGNORANCE."—HAMLET: *Act* 1, *Scene* 4.

"O WONDERFUL SON, THAT CAN SO ASTONISH A MOTHER."—HAMLET: *Act* 3, *Scene* 2.

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WELL *CORN*-ED, OR *TOE*-ING THE MARK.

"There's no standing these north-easters," said aunt Deborah, who, from wearing tight shoes in her youth, is now pretty well corned. "My toes shoot like Texas riflemen. Give us the carving knife, and I'll Santa Anna the whole of them forthwith." Such hacking and hewing "you never did see." Shelling corn in the country, before the Yankee machines did away with the necessity for such operations, was nothing to the work aunt Deborah did that night. The parings were sufficient to Macadamize one of the paths in the garden, and to render a new supply of oyster shells unnecessary.

IN EMBARRASSED CIRCUMSTANCES.

It certainly must be rather awkward to find oneself in a cane-jungle, knee-deep in the slimy bottom, with a well-grown boa coiled round the lower extremities, a condor, with its huge beak, grasping the wrist and darting loving looks into the eye, while a hungry tiger stands near by, only waiting a favorable opportunity to make a finishing leap, and so settle the difficulty. To escape such a dilemma we think we might be persuaded to change skins even with Santa Anna, though the danger into which that ruffian lately brought himself is scarcely less formidable than those which threaten our friend in the picture.

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WANTING TO BORROW;

OR, TRYING IT ONCE TOO OFTEN.

There is such a thing as cutting it too fat. The pitcher that goes too often to the well may be broke.—Better suit your circumstances to your purse, like the old lady that could not buy both veal and ham. She sent to the butcher a request for "a pennyworth of veal, cut with a hammy knife." This was thrift. The applicant, in the case before us, has paid all his earnings in interest to the usurer who lives in the neighborhood of Tenth and Market, who only charged him five per cent. a month for the use of money. He has been completely chawed up and spit out again—and is, as a last resource, trying to extract water from tinder—blood from a stone. He might as well, as to expect commiseration from old Gripes. He has indeed tried it once too often, and it is no go.

A LITTLE UN'S MISERY.

"Ere's your pies—all ot—all ot—mutting pies—hoyster pies—weal pies—all ot—all ot—hoyster soup, made of hoysters—none of the pies ha'nt made of cats, like them bought of the feller what runs the hopposition." A very necessary piece of information, as many persons, in their eating of mutton pies, have found something marvellously resembling the scratchers of a cat. Our young friend feels like Adam did before he ate the apple. He has nothing in his breeches pocket. He feels perfectly out of sorts, as every person does who has not the wherewithal; and the vender won't accept the offered hoop in exchange. Did you ever go into a strange place—call for a fancy drink—and, after gulping it, find yourself metaphysically situated thus:—although you have a change of panties, your panties have no change. There's a botherer for the learned societies. In such cases it is extremely unkind for the bar-keeper to kick you out, although he might wish to shew his breeding.

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THE DOG'S MEAT STEAM VAN.

Cat-Skinning is said to be a lucrative *profession* with many people in London. A late English paper says these vile wretches are mostly women; and adds, that in a respectable neighbourhood in London, a short time since, the inhabitants were alarmed by the continued and melancholy moaning of some cats; and on one of them going down stairs, he found three fine large cats completely skinned, and skewered down to the ground. It appears that the fiends who pursue these iniquitous practices, as soon as they skin the lower extremities, transfix the poor animal to the earth, then tear off the remainder with great rapidity, leaving the cat in the most horrible tortures. This cat-skinning story quite "takes the *hair* off" from any thing of the kind we have met with.

AIR—"*The Dog's Meat Man.*"

When centuries three have ta'en their flight,
What wonders will be brought to light;
When in a van, by steam convey'd,
Folks will carry on the cat and dog's meat trade.

"Come, customers, all, here's famous prog
For a dear tom cat or a darling dog.
Fork out you're coppers, nor be afraid
To buy of Emma Snubbs, the cat's meat maid.

Come here, good people, and beheld
As prime oss-flesh as e'er was sold;
Your orders shall be soon obey'd,
If you'll deal with Emma Snubbs, the cat's meat maid.

I sell's no oss-flesh wot's decay'd;
Come here, and see it fairly weigh'd;
For none with better grace can wield a blade
Than pretty Emma Snubbs, the cat's meat maid.

Of want of food the cats complain,
Then do not let them mew in vain;
Don't let your custom be delay'd,
But please to patronise the cat's meat maid:

For in my business I have slay'd
Some cattle prime as ever neigh'd;
And the poor, dear cats implore my aid
In the shape of some grub from the cat's meat maid.

Our ancestors, no doubt, would smile
To see me go it in such style:
In fashion's very pink array'd,
Did you ever see so dashing a cat's meat maid?

So, while my van along I steer,
Be sure to keep the steam up, Engineer!
And customers I will persuade
To deal with Emma Snubbs, the cat's meat maid.

It is related of an Irish sexton, that upon the funeral of a person who had been generally detested for his tyranny in the neighbourhood, and consequently not a tear being shed at his grave, the sexton, alarmed at this new order of things, suddenly *lugged the ears* of a strolling boy, and made him weep, *as no one else would!*

"What are you about there?" said a gentleman to a boy whom he found in his orchard disposing of a few apples to the best advantage, viz: in hat and handkerchief, for pockets he had not. "I'm about *going*," replied the boy.

A RARE ASSORTMENT.—There is said to be a widow residing near Southwark, one of the suburbs of London, whose first husband was a butcher, the second a tanner, and the third and last a shoemaker. The man of meat almost starved her; the man of leather used to hide her; the man of shoes not only made her go barefoot, but threw his last-stone at her head. We believe she has now done with matrimony—given it up as a bad business.

DUTCH UPON DUTCH.—A letter has been advertised in the Buffalo Republican, directed to "Dr. Vanderkenbugerdundertromp."

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it, he had neither child, nephew, nor niece to leave it to. What strange, inconsistent beings we are! for always the less need of money we have to leave behind us, the more anxious we are to attain it; which seems to be a part punishment of the avaricious man's sins. Captain Turner seems to have a little of the spirit of retaliation in him; for he instituted a suit against the Rev. Mr. Duntbook, for behaviour of the most immoral and revolting kind, and got him turned out of his parish church, retaining the third of the stipend for life; and in the church he established his brother-in-law, Mr. Bell, who is reported to have been a good and amiable divine, though not very brilliant. His son, William Bell Turner, is the proprietor of Hollinshaw at this day; and this is all I have to relate of the family of the Turners.

Effects of Music.—Chateaubriand relates a humorous instance of the effects of this delightful art. He had been driven by stress of weather into Gracioza, one of the Azore Islands, seldom visited by strangers. Here was a small convent, inhabited by monks, who appeared to be remarkably simple in their habits and feelings. Chateaubriand, and a young English friend who accompanied him, soon became familiar with these monks, who took great pains to render their stay among them agreeable. One day they were invited to pay a visit to the chapel, whither they repaired, preceded by a whole regiment of monks. On entering, the monks, with an air of great mystery, pointed out a small organ to the notice of their visiters, evidently supposing they had never seen any thing of the kind before. Perceiving what was expected of them, Chateaubriand and his friend, of course, looked as wonder-struck as possible. After the good fathers had enjoyed their surprise for a few moments, one of them who was the organist, approached the organ with a most ludicrous importance, and commenced playing a sort of chant, that sounded more like the tinkling of cow bells, than any thing musical. All the while the monks continued gazing on their visiters, in order to observe in their countenances, the effects of what they probably considered something altogether new to them. After the organ had ceased, the Englishman approached it, but was warned back by gestures from the monks, who seemed to fear that he would injure it. He persevered, however, and struck out a few tones, that started them like an electric shock. He then sat down and played one of Pleyel's celebrated pieces; and as the organ poured out its full, deep-toned melody, they seemed almost beside themselves. They gazed on each other in mute astonishment and terror; and the poor chapel organist sunk upon the floor, and came near going into convulsions.

Sir Arthur.—A man of ours, of the name of Taylor, wore a head so remarkably like Lord Wellington's that he was dubbed "Sir Arthur" at the commencement of the war, and retained the name until the day of his death. At Rueda he was the servant of the good, the gallant Charles Eeles, who afterwards fell at Waterloo. Sir Arthur, in all his movements for twenty years, had been as regular as Shrewsbury clock; he cleaned his master's clothes and boots, and paraded his traps in the morning, and in the evening he got blind drunk, unless the means were wanting. In one so noted for regularity as he was, it is but reasonable to expect that his absence at toilet time would be missed and wondered at; he could not have gone over to the enemy, for he was too true blue for that. He could not have gone to heaven without passing through the pain of death—he was too great a sinner for that. He could not have gone downwards without passing through the aforesaid ceremony, for nobody was ever known to do so but one man to recover his wife, and as Sir Arthur had no wife, he had surely no inducement to go there: in short the cause of his disappearance remained clouded in mystery for twenty-five hours, but would have been cleared up in the tenth part of the time, had not the rifleman who had been in the habit of sipping out of the same favourite cask, been on guard in the interim, but as soon as he was relieved he went his usual visit, and in stooping in the dark over the edge of the large headless butt to take his accustomed sip, his nose came in contact with that of poor Sir Arthur, which, like that of his great prototype, was of no mean dimensions, and who was floating on the surface of his favourite liquid, into which he must have dived deeper than he intended, and got swamped. Thus perished Sir Arthur, a little beyond the prime of life, but, in what the soldiers consider a prime death!—*Kincaid's Random Shots.*

The Sea-serpent.—In going northward we visited Nahant, famed as the favourite haunt of the sea-serpent; Lynn, still celebrated for shoes, and Salem, formerly for witchcraft. If it would at all strengthen your belief in the credibility of the existence of a nondescript animal of the serpent order, of huge size, frequenting these seas, to hear me aver, that the proofs, such as they are, resting on testimony which cannot be disproved or set aside, have made me a believer, without having enjoyed occular demonstration, I have no hesitation in proclaiming myself as one, and that in all sobriety and seriousness. In common with many, I possess that kind of credulity which leads me, not to believe in the first instance, but to listen to every tale which comes to my ear on respectable authority, and to attempt to trace it to its source; and I would reject nothing, however contrary to probability, till it had been either proved impossible, or founded in complete error. The animal in question has been seen by many of all classes since the "respectable old whalesman" in 1751 reported its first appearance, and always described as possessing apparently the same form, colour, and characteristics; and, though thousands will continue to doubt it, till absolutely caught and exhibited on dry land, a capture which is highly incumbent upon the inhabitants of Boston to effect, there is nothing in the accounts given which surpasses probability. The earth has its monsters rarely seen, and why not the sea? And here I cannot but complain of the hard lot of travellers, from the times of Marco Polo to the present day, that they not only have to get over the difficulty that may exist in their own minds as to believe in an incredible story, but that when this is effected, it is ten to one few thank them, or think the better of them for it, and still fewer are willing to concur heartily in the belief.—*Latrobe's Rambles in North America.*

FIRST LOVE NOT LASTING.

First love is a pretty romance,
  Though not quite so lasting as reckon'd;
For when one awakes from its trance,
  There's a great stock of bliss in a second.

And e'en should the second subside,
  A lover can never despair,
For the world is uncommonly wide,
  And the women—uncommonly fair.

Then poets their raptures may tell,
  Who never were put to the test;
A first love is all very well,
  But believe me, the *last love's* the best.

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CONTEMPLATION;

OR, A GREAT DISTANCE FROM HOME.

Is this the joy that sporting lends?
I fear its smiles are rather fickle—
Thus to abstract you from your friends,
And leave you in this precious pickle.

The rain in torrents seems to rush,
And certainly it is provoking,
Instead of getting Reynard's brush,
To get a most infernal soaking.

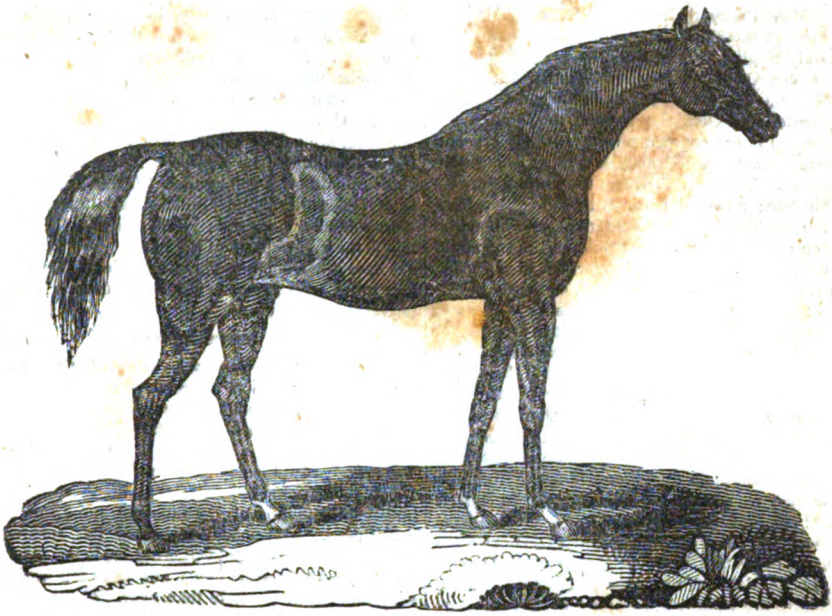
Doubtless, through many a swamp and bog,
All eager for the chase you've flounder'd,
But here there's neither fox nor dog,
And the poor nag is nearly founder'd.

What with the weather and the tit,
I envy not your situation;
Although it is, I must admit,
A charming field for CONTEMPLATION.

CUTS FOR THE COMIC.

"You lazy vagabond; is it for this I pay you two shillings a-week, and give you the run of the kitchen?—Rouse up, you scoundrel, and attend to your work, or I'll cut the flesh off those idle, good-for-nothing bones of yours. Was ever such a provoking rascal suffered to live? I could almost find it in my heart to throttle him.

THE CELEBRATED IMPORTED HORSE SHAKSPEARE.



PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES.

Shakspeare is a brown horse of the largest class, being full sixteen hands high. He was bred by Mr West in 1823. He was got by Smolensko, out of Charming Molly, by Rubens; her dam, Comedy, by Benningbrough—Mrs. Jordan by Highflyer—Harriet (Creeper and Crawler's dam) by Matchem—Flora, (dam of Weasel by Whitefoot, (of Lord Rockingham's b. f. (Copperbottom's dam,) by the Godolphin colt, of Lord Rockingham's b. f., (Flounce's dam,) by the Godolphin colt, of Marquis by the Godolphin colt, of Marchioness by the Godolphin colt, Florinda by Sampson, Hotspur by Matchem, Count by Snap, of Viscount by Chillady, and of five others,) by Regulus—Flora (by Regulus) was a bay mare, foaled about the year, 1749 or 1750, was bred by Sir William Strickland, Bart., and sold to Mr. Wentworth, who made a present of her to Lord Rockingham; her dam by Bartlett Childers; grandam by Bay Bolton, out of a daughter of the Belgrave Turk.

Smolensko was a black, bred by Sir Charles Burnbury in 1810, got by Sorcerer, out of Wowski, bred by Sir Ferdinando Pole in 1797, and got by Mentor; her dam, Maria, (Waxy's dam,) by Herod—Lisette by Snap—Miss Windsor (who ran in the name of Sylvia) by the Godolphin Arabian—sister to Sir M. Wyville's Volunteer, by Young Belgrade—Bartlett's Childers—Duke of Devonshire Chesnut Arabian—own sister to the Duke of Somerset's Westbury, by the Curwen Bay Barb—Old Spot out of a daughter of Lord D'Arcy's Woodcock.

AVARICE.—In December, 1790, died at Paris, literally of want, Mr. Ostervald, a well known banker. This man, originally of Neufchatel, felt the violence of the disease so strongly, that within a few days of his death, no importunities could induce him to buy a few pounds of meat, for the purpose of making a little soup for him. "'Tis true," said he, "I should not dislike the soup, but I have no appetite for the meat; and what is to become of that?" At the time he refused this nourishment, for fear of being obliged to give away two or three pounds of meat, there was tied round his neck a silken bag containing eight hundred assignats of a thousand livres each. At his outset in life he drank a pint of beer, which served him for supper every night at a public house much frequented, from which he carried home all the bottle corks he could secure. Of these, in the course of eight years he had collected as many as sold for twelve louis d'ors, a sum that laid the foundation of his future fortune, the superstructure of which was rapidly raised by his uncommon success in stock jobbing. He died possessed of three millions of livres.

A clergyman one day in the exercise of his parochial duties, happened to pass a boy who seemed in great distress and weeping bitterly. The clergyman, moved by the functions of his holy office, halted, and in a plaintive tone addressed the boy in the following words: "What is the matter, my little fellow, why all this heaviness of heart?" The boy feeling obliged to give an answer to the interrogations of the minister thus addressed his reverence: "Before, we could hardly get enough to eat of any thing, and now, I don't know what we shall do, f-f-for there is another one now." This recital called forth all the parson's soul, and desirous, if possible, to do away the awful forebodings of starvation thus addressed him, in all the consequence of pulpit gravity: "Hush thy murmuring and wipe off those tears, and *put* your *trust* in GOD, and he will deliver you from all the imaginary evils of which you complain, and remember that God never sends mouths without sending victuals to put in them." "I know that," said the boy, but then he sends all the *mouths* to our HOUSE, and all the *victuals* to your HOUSE."

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BERRY MEAD PRIORY,

THE RESIDENCE OF E. L. BULWER, ESQ. M. P.

Berry Mead Priory, the present residence of Mr. Bulwer, is one of those old picturesque places which are exclusively English. It is situated near Acton, formerly called Oak Town, where Henry VIII. held carousal with the jovial Prior. The house is built in the castellated Gothic style, and the high walls that surround it are covered with ivy—that graceful but gloomy parasite which suits so well with northern architecture. The beech trees at the entrance are remarkably fine; no small triumph in the present day, when the brick and mortar world increases so much on the green and growing one. While on the subject of trees, we must not forget the fine terrace, at the back, of elm trees three hundred years old, and even at this season of the year carpeted with violets. You enter by a vestibule, on whose walls the golden crucifix yet hangs, and the colored light of one of the arched windows falls on a fine cast from Sir Joshua Reynolds, Samuel praying. A flight of steps, adorned with antique vases and flowers, leads to the hall, whose walls are painted in compartments representing the conquest of Peru by the Spaniards. On one side are morning and drawing rooms; on the other side is the library—and this shall we enter first. It is fitted up in *boiserie* of carved oak, and the ornaments are a bronze copy of the Apollo in the Vatican, while the book-cases are surmounted by busts of Socrates, Plato, Cicero, Horace, Bacon, Locke, Voltaire, Shakspeare, Milton and Pope. The pictures are equally appropriate, as they illustrate a period celebrated for the first struggle of the principles which Mr. Bulwer advocates. There is Andrew Marvel, our English Cincinnatus, and an original portrait of Milton aged 19.

Over the chimney-piece is another portrait of the same time: the Duke of Gloucester, the youngest child of Charles I., he who received his father's last blessing the night before his execution, and was warned against accepting that fatal crown which had only bowed his parent's head to the scaffold. But the credit of the taste shown in the arrangement of this charming room, is due to Mrs. Bulwer, who took the opportunity of her husband's recent absence, to fit up and decorate his library.

The drawing-room, whose vaulted ceiling has been so much admired, was built by Lady Wortley Montague, when Horace Walpole had set the fashion of the Modern Gothic. There is a happy union of different styles in its furniture; the rich velvets and carved gildings of Louis XIV.'s chairs, stands beneath the simple and classical lamp which Mr. Bulwer brought from Pompeii; and there is that *chef d'œuvre* of modern art, Gibson's exquisite Flora. The busts are in white marble; the four great Italian poets—Dante, Tasso, Petrarch, and Ariosto, and that lovely head of Laura, by Canova. There are also two modern heads by Burlowe, the busts of Mr. and Mrs. Bulwer. The ideal and Roman cast of his features is admirably caught; hers we think wants the beauty of color. There is, however, a very lovely painting on ivory, by Lover. She is holding her little boy on her arm, one of those sweet children who realize what some one prettily said, that they are angels without wings. Landseer, too, has painted a capital likeness of Fairy, a favorite dog. Among other pictures, are a head of Laura di Medici, one of these haunting faces which "seen become a part of sight," a wild and imaginative scene from Faust, by Van Holst, where Mephistophiles turns the wine into fire—an astrologer's study by Rembrandt; Peter striking the High Priest, by Paul Veronese; Banditti dividing their spoil, by Salvator Rosa, and an original portrait of Elizabeth of York, wife to Henry VIII. There is also a holy family, by Poussin, where the countenance of the Madonna is the ideal of subdued loveliness. But it is not the luxury, nor even the taste, that constitutes the attraction of this delightful house; it is the charm of association. Almost every thing is connected with some picturesque reminiscence. In one room are golden candlesticks, and a clock, belonging to the ill-fated La Valliere; in another, the ivory chairs, inlaid with gold, which Warren Hastings gave as a peace-offering to Queen Charlotte, and which were sold after her death. The charm of the association is the great charm of the place. We own that in our eyes it has another, viz: Berry Mead Priory is only four miles from London; a villa forming a boundary to Kensington gardens.

THE BEAUTIFUL WIDOW.—Years after the death of her husband, for whom she never put on mourning, the tears would come into her eyes while she was sitting by herself and looking out of the window or into the fire—and so in the midst of a cheerful conversation. Yet nobody saw them—there was no flourish of the unappeasable pocket-handkerchief—no hysterical sobbing—no stiffening of the innocent throe—no catching of the breath—nobody suspected her sorrow—nobody but one—a misbelieving old bachelor. And they were married. And now! her tears fell faster than ever—and more publicly than ever. The white pocket-handkerchief is never out of her hand—her lips are very pale—*very*—and she sits by the window all day long, and looks into the fire, sometimes for an hour together—when there is any body by.

INSECTS.—Linnæus used to maintain that the carcass of a dead horse would not be devoured with the same celerity by a bird, as it would by three flesh flies, and their immediate progeny; for it is known that one female fly will give birth to at least 20,000 young larvae, each of which will, in the course of one day, devour so much food, and grow so rapidly, as to acquire an increase of 200 times its weight, and a few days are sufficient for the production of a third generation. Most of the insects which feed on decomposing materials, whether animal or vegetable, consume a much larger quantity than they appear to require for the purpose of nutrition. We may hence infer that in their formation, other ends were contemplated besides their individual existence. They seem as if commissioned to act as the scavengers of organic matter, destined to clear away all those particles, of which the continued accumulation would have tainted the atmosphere, or the waters, with infection, and spread a wide extent of desolation and death.

ACTIVITY.—There is much advantage in activity, in doing most things quickly, particularly in cold days. Doctor Arnott in his elements of Physics, says that animal power is exhausted exactly in proportion to the time during which it is acting, as well as in proportion to the intensity of force exerted. There may, therefore, be often a great saving of animal power, by doing work quickly, with a little more exertion during the time. Suppose two men of equal weight to ascend the same stair, one of whom took only a minute to reach the top, and the other takes four minutes, it will cost the first little more than one-fourth part of the fatigue, which it costs the second, because the exhaustion is in proportion to the time during which the muscles are acting.

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SKETCH OF SANTA ANNA.

Santa Anna is about 42 years of age, and was born in the city of Vera Cruz. His father was a Spaniard of old Spain, of respectable standing, though poor; his mother was a Mexican. He received a common education, and at the age of 13 or 14 was taken in the military family of the then Intendant of Vera Cruz, Gen. Davilla, who took a great fancy to him and brought him up. He remained with Gen. Davilla until about the year 1820. While with Davilla he was made a Major, and when installed he took the honors very coolly, and on some of his friends congratulating him, he said, "Si mi hiciera dois quisiera estar algo mas." (If you were to make me a God, I should desire to be something greater.) This trait developed at so early a period of his life, indicated the existence of that vaulting ambition which has ever since characterized his life.

After serving the Spanish Royal cause until 1821, he left Vera Cruz, turned against his old master and benefactor, and placed himself at the head of some irregular troops, which he raised on the sea coast, near Vera Cruz, and which are called Jarochos in their language, and were denominated by him his Cossacks, as they are all mounted, and armed with spears. With this rude cavalry he besieged Vera Cruz, drove Davilla into the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, and after having been repulsed again, entered at a subsequent period, and got entire possession of the city, expelling therefrom the old Spanish troops, and reducing the power of the mother country in Mexico to the walls of the castle.

Subsequent to this, Davilla is said to have obtained an interview with Santa Anna, and told him he was destined to act a prominent part in the history of his country, and now, says he, I will give you some advice: "Siempre vavis con los muchos" (always go with the strongest party.) He always acted up to this motto until he raised the *grito*, (or cry) in other words took up the cudgels for the friars and church. He then overturned the federal government, and established a central despotism, of which the priests and military were the two privileged orders. His life has been from the first of the most romantic kind, constantly in revolutions, constantly victorious, until the last fatal rencontre.

His manners are extremely affable; he is full of anecdote and humour, and makes himself exceedingly fascinating and agreeable to all who come into his

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company; he is about five feet ten, rather spare, has a moderately high forehead, with black hair, short black whiskers, and an eye large, black, and expressive of a lurking devil in his look; he is a man of genteel and dignified deportment, but of a disposition perfectly heartless, but has never evinced a savageness of character, except in the massacre in which he has been implicated in Texas. He married a Spanish lady of property, a native of Alvarado, and through that marriage obtained the first part of his estate called Manga de Clavo, six leagues from Vera Cruz. He has three fine children, yet quite young.

The following striking anecdote of Santa Anna illustrates his peculiar quickness and management:

During the revolution of 1829, while he was shut up in Oxaca, and surrounded by the government troops, and reduced to the utmost straits for the want of money and provisions, having a very small force, there had been in consequence of the siege and firing every day through the streets, no mass for several weeks. He had no money, and hit upon the following expedient to get it: he took possession of one of the Convents, got hold of the wardrobe of the friars, dressed his officers and some of the soldiers in it, and early in the morning had the bells rung for mass. People delighted at again having an opportunity of adoring the Supreme Being, flocked to the church where he was, and after the house was pretty well filled, his friars showed their side arms and bayonets from beneath their cowls, and closed the doors upon the assembled multitude. At this unexpected denouement, there was a tremendous shrieking, when one of his officers ascended the pulpit and told the people that he wanted $10,000, and must have it. He finally succeeded in getting about $3,500, when he dismissed the congregation.

As a sample of Santa Anna's pious whims, we relate the following:

In the same campaign of Oxaca, Santa Anna and his officers were there besieged by Rincon, who commanded the government troops. Santa Anna was in a convent, surrounded by a small breastwork. Some of the officers one night to amuse themselves, took the wooden Saints out of the church, and placed them as sentries, dressed in uniform, on the breastwork. Rincon, alarmed in the morning at this apparent boldness, began to fire away at the wooden images, supposing them to be flesh and blood, and it was not until some of the officers who were not in the secret, had implored Santa Anna to prevent this desecration that the firing ceased.

Many similar facts are related of Santa Anna. We have not room at present to say more than there is no man who has filled the space that he has, that is so little understood. In short, he is all things to all men. He never was out of Mexico.

ANCIENT COURTSHIP.

Lovers, in the classical age, went after dinner to the vestibules or doors of their mistresses, and whistled or coughed in order to be heard. When this did not succeed, they sung amorous ditties, or wrote them on the door, or fixed upon it tablets, on which they wrote. If the girls were inflexible, they supplicated the gate, poured libations on it, perfumed it, kissed it amourously, and if unsuccessful, broke that, the windows, &c. There also occurred serenades, weeping at the door, laying there all night, hanging crowns on it, especially those which they had worn on festivals; throwing upon the threshold the torches lit for their return from supper, and threatening to burn the house; even scribbling libelous and indecent verses on the door. The omens of success were drawn from a leaf of it cracked upon the hand; from striking the room with apple kernels; and the cattabus, a single mode of vaticination by the fall of liquor. —How courtship was conducted in the days of chivalry is known to every body: as wearing the sleeve of a lady; leading her horse by the bridle; making ridiculous vows, such as wearing a black patch over the eye, mentioned in Froisart; all which, as to matrimonial concerns, were more romantic than real; for in all great families they are affianced at seven or eight years of age, and married at the age of puberty to prevent improper attachments. In the history of the Troubadours, are very long and curious directions for making love. In the reign of Elizabeth the following practices prevailed: playing with the little finger in amorous dalliance; sitting or lying at the feet of their mistresses in ball rooms; gazing closely in each other's eyes, so as to see the figures represented in them. They also exhibit their passion publicly. A pendant lock of hair, plaited and tied with a ribband, and hanging to the ear, was fashionable in the age of Shakspeare, and afterwards that of Charles I., and many of his courtiers wore them. This lock was worn on the left side and hung down by the shoulder, considerably longer than the rest of the hair, sometimes even to the girdle. It was supposed to have the effect of causing violent love, and was orginally a French custom. Wigs were made to imitate it. Curton adds to the love-lock a flower worn in the ear.—Kissing the eyes was a mark of extraordinary tenderness. In the forepart of the stays was anciently a pocket, where women not only carried love letters and tokens, but even their money and materials for needlework. When prominent stays were worn, lovers dropped their literary favours into them. If a woman puts a love letter into the bosom pocket, it was a token of her affection. Willow garlands were worn by persons disappointed in love, supposed from the tree's promoting chastity, or the famous passage in the Psalms. The liberties allowed to lovers, and even to intimate acquaintances, in the times of Elizabeth and James, were very indecorous. These were to handle them roughly, put their hands on their necks, kiss them by surprise, &c., indeed, when courtship ensued in inferior rank, it was conducted in the coarsest manner.

BUNKER HILL.

I made an acquaintance, a few summers since, with an officer of His Britannic Majesty's Royal Navy, a fine gentlemanly fellow, who was very desirous to see among the "lions" of the vicinity, our Navy Yard, and the far-famed Bunker Hill. I accompanied him there, and we ascended together to the top of the Monument. My friend was delighted with the scenery around, and in the course of conversation made many laudatory remarks upon our country, institutions, &c. partly addressing himself to the workmen, (at that time engaged upon the monument,) into whose good favor he was evidently making rapid advances, until he unfortunately ventured to express his surprise at the tardiness with which the "Great Babel, (as he termed it) progressed." This drew a caustic reply from one of the operatives, a little thinner skinned than the rest, which nettled my companion not a little, for he immediately observed that "it was a great piece of nonsense to erect a pile of stones to commemorate one's own *defeat*."

"Yes," rejoined his antagonist, "you *took* the hill, *but who owns it now, I should like to know.*"

The Englishman immediately recovered his good nature, laughing heartily at the quick thought. A few days after he told the story to a large party at dinner, as a capital joke, at his own expense.—*Boston Correspondent.*

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THE MAGIC TABLES.

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
51	70	26	63	55	29	48	22	59
24	34	71	18	73	11	3	58	5
42	7	35	54	19	38	57	13	32
15	79	53	27	46	20	12	67	50
60	25	17	45	1	47	39	40	14
78	52	62	81	28	74	66	76	77
6	16	44	9	64	56	21	4	41
69	61	80	36	10	2	75	31	68
33	43	8	72	37	65	30	49	23

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1	10	19	28	37	46	55	64	73
2	11	20	29	38	47	56	65	74
3	12	21	30	39	48	57	66	75
4	13	22	31	40	49	58	67	76
5	14	23	32	41	50	59	68	77
6	15	24	33	42	51	60	69	78
7	16	25	34	43	52	61	70	79
8	17	26	35	44	53	62	71	80
9	18	27	36	45	54	63	72	81

The person to whom this trick is intended to be shown, is presented with a duplicate of the first table, and requested to choose any number in it, which he is to keep secret, only telling what letter stands over the column in which the chosen number is placed. The other table is then offered to him. The numbers in this table are placed in regular order; he will, therefore, readily discover the number he has chosen, (each table containing the same numbers in different orders,) and is to point out the column in which his number is situated. Any person understanding the trick may now, without seeing the first table, tell which of the numbers in the column is the chosen one, by this simple rule: he is, as before stated, to know the letter standing over the column in which the number is situated in the first table. Now, if that letter be E, the number will be the first in the column pointed out in the second table, as containing the same number; if F, it will be the second, and so on, thus:—

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
Sixth.	Seventh.	Eighth.	Ninth.	First.	Second.	Third.	Fourth.	Fifth.

EXAMPLE.—Suppose the number chosen be 17, the letter standing over that number in the first table being C, in whatever column the same number stands in the second table, it is sure to be the eighth in that column. Again, a person having chosen a number, says the column in which it is placed is headed by the letter F, all the numbers in that column we know will stand second in whichever of the columns of the second table they may be placed; therefore, when we are told the number stands in the last column of the second table, we know that number to be 74.

MY MARRIED DAUGHTER.

My married daughter could you see,
I'm sure you would be struck;—
My daughters *all* are charming girls:
Few mothers have such luck.
My married one—my eldest child—
All hearts by magic wins;
And my *second* so resembles her,
Most people think them twins!

My married daughter spoils her spouse,—
She's quite a pattern wife;
And he adores her—well he may—
Few men lead such a life!
She ne'er had mortal man,
Till he had won her heart;
And my *second* darling's just the same,—
They're seldom known apart.

Her husband oft has press'd my hand,
While tears were in his eyes,
And said, "*You* brought my Susan up—
With you the credit lies."
To make her a domestic wife,
I own was all my aim;
And my *second* is domestic, too,—
My system was the same.

Now, do you know, I've often thought
The *eldest* of the two
(*She's* married, so I *may* speak out)
Would just have suited *you?*
You never saw her!—how shall I
My eldest girl portray?
Oh! my *second* is her counterpart,
And *her* you'll meet to-day.

SONG OF THE DRAGOON.

BY LIEUTENANT GEORGE W. PATTEN, U. S. ARMY.

Our march is like the thundergust—
We prostrate where we pass;
And broader is the trail we leave
Along the prairie grass;
From north to south we range the wood,
We skim the plains afar,
We thread the brake, we breast the flood—
Onward—huzza! huzza!

Our halt is where the prairie wolf
Barks at the grizzly bear;
And every couch we lie upon,
The Buffalo must spare.
Break not, my boys, the squadron's line;
Down with the forest spar;
Cut with your swords the tangled vine;
Onward—huzza! huzza!

Our steeds are, like ourselves, my boys,
Born for a martial train;
Fearless and strong they tramp along,
And *yet they heed the rein.*
Then let the merry bugle sound,
We follow freedom's star;
For battle or for hunting ground,
Onward—huzza! huzza!

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"Yes, but I have to sleep all day, and so I gets behind hand agin. I'm a misfortunate man, and if I had a big bucket conwenient, I'd cry for a week."

"But how do you live—how do you get any thing to eat?"

"Vy, I don't live a great deal.—I've got sich a pulmonary I can't eat: My sustem is screwed up principally with drinkables—that's the doctor's superscription—I'm on a regiment."

"I've a notion you're one of the thirty day wagroms—your regiment is the airy guards—the ragged trowsalooners, and you're one of the riglars, or you wouldn't wear your uniform every day."

"Now, don't—don't insult my trowsers—though their circumstances isn't good, they comes of a genteel family, and has seen better days—poor, but proud—and patching would only mortify 'em. They're like their owner, too late."

"Fiddlesticks end! are you a wagrom, or are you not? What's your business?"

"I ain't got none now. I learnt the vood-sawing purfeshun; but when I vos free, it vos too late, for coal vos coming in, and I afterwards vanted to be a stage driver, but it vos too late agin. They found out rail roads and locomotives, and I vos dished. I vas going to make a good spec in the marrying line, but by the time I'd raised a good coat to ask the voman in, the voman got tired of vaiting, and raised another feller for a husband, and said I might vait myself then till she vos a vidow agin. I'm vaiting, and that's vot I do most of the time; only the man dies so slow he does'nt look as if he vos dying at all—some folks is so lazy about it, and never minds how tired you get vaiting for 'em to defunct. I vos after a sitivation yesterday—I vanted to be a dog ketcher, vich, I takes it, is a werry genteel kind of business, if so be you're in the wholesale vay; but I vos too late. One of the understrappers, a feller vot's got no genus at all, only good friends, vos promoted. He vos only a common ketcher at first, but now he's a knocker, and finishes off the misfortunate dogs vich is'nt got no owners, after they're ketched."

"So you don't do nothing for a living?"

"Nuffin, thank'ee, but little jobs, vood splitting, and sich things. I'm vaiting for the vidow, and I asks you purlitely to come to the vedding."

This was a little too much for the functionary, and he bluffly informed Neddy Slowe that he must go to the Watch House, intimating that his next step would be to the Mayor, and his next to prison as a vagrant.

"Oh, my eyes!" ejaculated Neddy, "I'll lose the vidow! She'll be shut of one husband, and have another before I gets out, for I knows they'll keep me till it's too late."

Whether they will or not mar his prospects by detention, remains to be seen.

DOCTOR Q.

Every thing in this age runs to excess, resembling a high-pressure steam engine which goes on working more and more violently, till the boiler bursts. Exercise! that is now the grand, universal cry, and the want of it is the cause of all disorders. This is the prescription of the doctors; and after a man has broken through all the usual habits of his life, neglected his friends, given up his amusements, abandoned reading, and half ruined his business, by delivering himself up to the excruciations of a hard-trotting nag, or tramping about town in all weathers, till he is half dead with fatigue, he goes to his physician, who feels his pulse, asks a question or two, rubs his chin and says "You want more exercise!" More exercise! we have this moment in our mind an unhappy valetudinarian, who, after running the gauntlet of all the physicians and all the systems of physic within his reach; after having tried Graham bread and roasted apples at the instigation of one, and champagne and roast beef on the suggestion of another; now taking a cold bath three times a day, and now deep in mineral waters, hygeian pills, syrups, panaceas, plasters, and all the paraphernalia of death and the doctors; at length lean, worn out, desperate and weak, racked with a complication of new disorders, distrusting science, and doubtful of cure, was introduced to a new member of the learned faculty. Dr. Q—— listened to the full statement of his case; he went into all the details, and it took him three-quarters of an hour.—When he had concluded, the doctor inhaled a pinch of snuff and cooly said,

"Well, what of it?"—The patient started to his feet with a suicidal gesture.

"What of it, doctor?"

"Yes, what of it? nothing is the matter with you; you are not sick; you have no pain; you will live a hundred years yet; all you want is more exercise!"

"Exercise, doctor; merciful fathers! I have done nothing else for six months."

"What have you done?"

"Exercised my chest with a pair of dumb-bells."

"Well."

"Walked an hour before breakfast."

"Well."

"Three hours after breakfast."

"Well."

"Rode on horseback three hours before dinner."

"Well."

"A hard-trotting horse."

"Well."

"A very particularly hard-trotting horse, doctor; he was recommended to me on purpose."

"Well, what else."

"Take lessons in boxing after dinner."

"Well."

"And in fencing before tea."

"Well, that is tolerably well; how has it affected you?"

"Why, I have caught cold, I have got the toothache and the rheumatism."

"No matter; that is right; go on. Do you practise gymnastics?"

"No."

"You must attend a gymnasium in the evening."

"But, doctor, my business."

"No matter for business; that is the way you city people kill yourselves. What is business to health? What good will business do you when you are in your grave?"

"But I must pay for my bread; support my wife and family; educate my children; I must if I die for it."

"Ah, that is the way," replied the doctor. "You ask our advice; you refuse to follow our prescriptions; you sacrifice your health to business, and then wonder why we do not cure you. I tell you, air and exercise, they are the things."

"Sir," said a clerk, entering at the moment with a bank-notice, "this note for seven hundred and fifty dollars is due at the Chemical, and Mr. Jenkins says he cannot renew the other."

"How late is it?"

"Half-past two."

An uncommon clattering in the street now announced a stranger; it was the hostler with the hard-trotting horse; a tall, bony, Roman-nosed animal, with legs unmercifully long. What our friend did, whether he mounted his Rosinante, or went into Wall street about his note, we are not at liberty to reveal. But the doctor took his leave, getting into a gig that moved on easy springs, with a fat cushion inside, and went home to dinner; while we departed, musing on the value of a life which cannot be preserved from dyspepsia except by being exposed to a jail and starvation.

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NO O'S.

I am about to impart to you, gentle reader, in confidence, a misfortune of an unusual character, an incident which will make you smile as it fell to my lot, but would have made you laugh on the other side of your mouth if you had yourself been its victim.

There is a certain journal in circulation dedicated expressly to the theatres and the movements of the stage, the columns of which are filled up with theatrical advertisements, and the dramatis personæ of each representation. The journal circulates to a certain extent, and sells for a cent, when it is sold at all.

There was much wisdom in an observation of M. Vantour—"when a man finds that he can't pay his rent, he ought to live in his own freehold." Whether the journal was, or was not able to pay its printer, I cannot take upon me to decide; but, at all events, it purchased a printing office; not a handsome, new glittering, first rate printing office, but a second-hand affair, made up of the sweeping and refuse of other offices; the press was asthmatic from age and exhaustion; the types were worn out and broken; *f's* without a cross, *e's* without a head, and a mass of shapeless, crippled and incomplete hieroglyphics.

One of these mornings, as the principal editor was busily occupied in the important duty of preparing his *copy*, the foreman made his appearance, pale, wo-begone, and big with some mysterious and awful secret. Requesting a private conference, he addressed his principal to this effect:

"We shall not be able to get the paper out to-day, sir. There are some infernal scoundrels in the world!"

"What's the matter now, pray?"

"A parcel of worthless scum—"

"What do you mean?"

"Thieves!"

"Where are you driving?"

"People without delicacy, honor or principle!"

"How now?"

"Enemies of the press!"

"Good heaven! what *is* the matter?"

"Inconcolasts of thought! Vandals, who set their faces against the march of mind!"

"For mercy's sake explain!"

"They have clandestinely, surreptitiously, feloniously and burglariously, introduced themselves into the printing-office, and stolen all the *o's* out of the case!"

"The case of *o's*?"

"Yes—the case of *o's*."

"What, every one?"

"They haven't left *o's* enough to set one. What is to be done?"

"Why, every time an *o* occurs you must put another letter in its place, at hap-hazard. We must rely upon the subject of the words to make out the sense."

"A precious affair we shall make of it, I fear."

"In the mean time, carry this note to Mr. ——, our dramatic critic."

My Dear —— I am waiting the remarks respecting the piece that was played yesterday evening at the —— theatre: please send it me as quick as practicable. Dress them up with that taste, elegance, wit and fancy which characterise thy pen, and sprinkle them well with attic salt. Adieu.

P. S.—Somebody has stolen the case of *o's* out of the office, and I send you the note above written without an *o* in it, in order to show you how easy it is to shake off the yoke of the missing letter. My dear friend, do try and avoid the introduction, or at all events, the multiplication of *o* in your forthcoming article. Excuse my *thying* you in my note, but I could not insert *you*, on the account of the want of *o's*.

Two hours afterwards the anxiously expected article made its appearance, enclosed in the following epistle:

"Genius can never recognize or submit to any restrictions; and I will not clip the wings of my imagination's angel. Herewith you have my article; I must decline mutilating it, or becoming so outrageously *o*-ssivorous."

The paragraph commenced this way:

"On Monday was performed the opera of Cosimo according to order, before the sovereign of the French, King Leopold, the Dukes of Nemours and Joinville.—Cholet, according to custom, acted with prodigious power; his voice on this occasion, seemed endowed with more than common melody, &c. &c.

In the next publication of the journal, the foregoing article thus figured:

"Hn Msnday was perfnrmed the ppera pf Cgsimg, accvrding tp grder, befnre the sxvereign hf the Fresch, King Lebpeld, the Dukes ef Nemrurs and Jhinville.—Chalet, accbrding tv custam, acted with prxdigizus pewer; his vdice, rn this pccasihn, seemed endmwed with mrre than oemmen melddy, &c. &c.

The above circumstance really occurred.

CATCHING A FLEA.—An English lady, who lived in the country, and was to have a large dinner party, was ambitious of making as great a display as her husband's establishment, a tolerably large one, could furnish; so that there might seem no lack of servants, a great lad, who had been employed only in farm work, was trimmed and ordered to take his stand behind his mistress's chair, with strict injunctions not to stir from the place, nor do any thing unless she directed him; the lady well knowing that, although no footman could make a better appearance as a piece of still life, some awkwardness would be inevitable if he were put in motion. Accordingly, Thomas, having thus been duly drilled and repeatedly enjoined, took his post, at the head of the table behind his mistress; and for a while he found sufficient amusement in looking at the grand set out and staring at the guests. When he was weary of this, and of an inaction to which he was so little used, his eyes began to pry about nearer objects.

It was at a time when our ladies followed the French fashion of having the back and shoulders, under the name of the neck, uncovered much lower than accords either with the true English climate, or with old English notions; a time when, as Lander expresses it, the usurped dominion of neck had extended from the ear downwards almost to where mermaids become fish. This lady was in the height or lowness of that fashion; and between her shoulder blades, in the hollow of the back, and not far from the confines where nakedness and clothing met, Thomas espied what Pasquirer had seen upon the neck of Mademoiselle Roches. The guests were too much engaged with the business and the courtesies of the table, to see what must have been worth seeing, the transfiguration produced in Thomas's countenance by delight, when he saw so fine an opportunity of showing himself attentive, and making himself useful. The lady was too much occupied with her company to feel the flea, but to her horror she felt the great finger and thumb of Thomas upon her back, and to her greater horror, heard him exclaim, in exultation, to the still greater amusement of the company—"A vlea, a vlea, my lady; egod I've cautcht'em!"

We find the following in one of our exchange papers:—

Colonel. Major, we have promised you a rifle; (*presenting it,*) them's 'um.

Major. Be them 'um? I swow! Where's the horn?

Colonel. The horn, Major? come let's drink one.

Major. So let's. Them's my sentiments precisely.

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MATRIMONIAL PRELIMINARIES.

JOHNNY WILKES used to say, notwithstanding his ugly frontispiece, that such were his powers in conversation, that the handsomest man in England could not get more than half an hour's start of him in the good graces of a lady. Now Sipthorpe Sipkins, Esq., our friend in the picture, who has no beauty to boast of, and who is, moreover, as simple a gentleman as ever cried O la! with astonishment, can beat both Wilkes, and the handsomest man in England, when a lady is in the case. He comes like Jupiter to Danae, in a shower of gold, and the day's his own. The elder Sipkins was sharp enough—so sharp in fact, that devoting all his faculties to the acquisition of wealth, he thought that if his son had plenty of the latter, it was unnecessary to supply him with brains. Sipthorpe, as our readers may perceive, has succeeded in gaining the affections of a needy but fashionable fair one, whose charms alone have procured her dozens of offers from handsome men; she, however, remained coldly obdurate, until our hero appeared; but no sooner did he open his mouth in an ecstacy of delight and admiration than she dropped into it like a ripe plum. Wilkes may boast of the fascination of a rattling tongue—it is a potent organ, we must confess, but it shrinks to nothingness in comparison with such a purse as that which Sipthorpe Sipkins jingles.

THE LADY BIRD.—*Septem punctata coccinella*, or, as the hop growers call it, the golden fly, which is considered so serviceable in clearing hop gardens of vermin, are this year more abundant than they were ever known to be before. The heights to the eastward of the town were the other morning literally covered with countless millions of this beautiful insect. It may not be generally known that it is a cure for the tooth-ache under its severest aspect. Dr. Frederick Hirsch, dentist to several German courts, in directing the application of them for the relief of those who may be visited with this torturing disease, observes, that he crushed the insect between his thumb and fore-finger, until their points were warm, he then applied the substance both to the affected tooth and the gum; he continues, that he was happy enough in almost every instance to succeed in removing the pain on the first application, and had only to repeat the operation in the cases of a few females.—*Boulogne Journal.*

THE CELEBRATED SANCY DIAMOND.—The grand veneur of the Emperor of Russia has bought the diamond known by the name of "Sancy," for the sum of 500,000 roubles. This diamond was brought from India about four hundred years since. Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, was its first owner, and wore it on his helmet at the battle of Nancy, in which he lost his life. A Swiss soldier found it, and sold it to a priest for one florin. The King of Portugal purchased it in 1489, and afterwards disposed of it to a French gentleman for 100,000 francs. Nicholas Harley Sancy obtained it by succession, from whom it received its name. It was entrusted to a servant of Sancy, who being attacked by robbers, swallowed it, and was murdered. Sancy had the body opened and the diamond was recovered. It was in the possession of James II. in 1688. Louis XIV. afterwards obtained it. The diamond is pear shaped, of a most beautiful water, and weighs 53 1-2 carats.

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such as fasting, praying, and other sorts of penitential duties for some weeks. At length, when the necessary preliminaries were arranged, he took up his night's abode in the room; he brought with him his missal, a pair of wax candles, and a human skull—what use he made of the skull, could never be discovered. On the first night nothing remarkable happened; on the second the noise was long and more confused than usual; on the third night, which was to determine the event, the noise increased, a dense body of smoke issued from the room, and towards the approach of morning a terrible crash, which shook the house to its foundations, was heard, and the priest came out exulting in his victory; the devil had sprung through the wall, and had caused the fissure, which never could be filled up while one stone of the old wall remained. The priest was handsomely rewarded; the fame of the occurrence spread over the kingdom—long was the spot through which the devil had escaped, pointed out to the spectators. The form of all, however, is now changed; never since have any noises been heard, and people sleep in it, forgetful that even once it had been the scene of so extraordinary an occurrence.

HANNAH DUSTON.

This bold and determined woman should be ranked among the heroines of antiquity. She was the wife of Thomas Duston, of Haverhill, in Massachusetts; born in the year 1659, and married 1677. She had altogether, thirteen children. When the Indians, who dwelt at the sources of the Merrimack River, and in the region round about, after a great freshet on the 15th of March, 1697, came down the river and attacked Haverhill, she was confined to bed with an infant only a week old. Her husband catching the alarm from the field, fled to the house, and consulted her on the course he should pursue. She calmly told him to leave her and her infant to their fate, and to make his escape, if possible, with her other children. He sent seven of his children on a path through the woods, on the way to the garrison, and mounting his horse he followed in the rear: with his musket he kept the pursuing Indians at bay, until he found his charge in a place of safety at the garrison. Before Mr. Duston reached the garrison, the Indians returned and captured his sick wife and Mary Nief, her nurse. They, with other captives, took their march, by order of the savages, for the north.—After they had travelled a few miles, the Indians found the infant troublesome, and they took it from the nurse and dashed its brains out against a tree. Mrs. Duston was feeble and wretched, but this outrage nerved her soul for every enterprise. After this horrid outrage, she wept no more; the agony of nature drank the tear drop ere it fell. She looked to heaven with a silent prayer for succour and vengeance, and followed the infernal group without a word of complaint. At this instant, the high resolve was formed in her mind, and swelled every pulse of her heart. They travelled on a distance, as she thought, of one hundred and fifty miles, but perhaps, from the course they took, about seventy-five. The river had probably been broken up but a short time, and the canoes of the Indians were above the falls on the Merrimac, when they commenced their journey to attack Haverhill. Above these falls, on an island in this river, the Indians had a Wigwam, and in getting their canoes in order by rowing ten miles up the stream, became much fatigued. When they reached the place of rest, they slept soundly. Mrs. Duston did not sleep. The nurse, and an English boy, a prisoner, were apprised of her design, but were not of much use to her in the execution of it. In the stillness of the night she arose and went out of the wigwam to test the soundness and security of savage sleep. They moved not; they were to sleep till the last day. She returned, took one of their hatchets, and dispatched ten of them in a moment, each with a single blow. An Indian woman, who was rising when she struck her, fled with her probable death wound—and an Indian boy was designedly spared; for the avenger of blood was a woman and a mother, and could not deal a death-blow upon a helpless child. She surveyed the carnage ground by the light of the fire, which she stirred up after the deed was done; and catching a few handfuls of roasted corn she commenced her journey; but on reflecting a moment, she thought the people of Haverhill would believe her tales as the ravings of madness, when she should get home, if ever that time might come; she therefore returned, and scalped the slain: then put the nurse and the English boy into the canoe, and with herself they floated down the falls, when she landed and took to the woods, keeping the river in sight, which she knew must direct her on her way home. After suffering incredible hardships by hunger, cold, and fatigue, she reached home to the surprise and joy of her husband, children, and friends. The General Court of Massachusetts examined her story, and being satisfied with the truth of it, took her trophies, the scalps, and gave her fifty pounds.—The people of Boston made her many presents. All classes were anxious to see the heroine; and they found her as modest as brave.

IRISH BRAVERY AND HONOUR.

On the surprise of Cremona, by Prince Engene, in 1702, when Villero, the French general, most of the officers, military chests, &c. were taken, and the German horse and foot were already in possession of all the town, excepting one place only, called the Po-gate, which was guarded by two Irish regiments, commanded by O'Mahony, and Bourke. Before the prince commenced the attack there, he sent to expostulate with them, and show them the rashness of sacrificing their lives where they could have no probability of relief, and to assure them, if they would enter into the imperial service, they should be directly and honourably promoted. The first part of this proposal they heard with impatience, the second with disdain. "Tell the prince," said they, "that we have hitherto preserved the honour of our country, and that we hope this day to convince him, that we are worthy of his esteem; while one of us exists, the German eagle shall not be displayed upon these walls. This is our deliberate resolution, and we will not admit of further capitulation." The attack was commenced by a large body of foot, supported by five thousand cuirassiers, and after a bloody conflict of two hours, the Germans retreated. The Irish pursued their advantage, and attacked them in the streets; before evening the enemy were expelled from the town, and the general and military chests recovered.

ORIGIN OF LIFE AND DEATH.

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A sed iend rought eath ease ain.
bles fr b hr and eg

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PHRENOLOGICAL STUDY.

Lavater undertook to describe men's characters by the length of their noses—the breadth of their mouths—the colour of their eyes, &c. Modern science goes further. By the bumps on a man's skull, it will tell you whether he is wise or foolish: prodigal or parsimonious: brave or a coward: honest or a rogue: and such is its excellence, that it makes you familiar with all his dispositions, propensities, tendencies, and pursuits. If you wish to employ a servant, examine his bumps, and you can at once learn whether he will suit you: if you have occasion for a confidential adviser, look to the conformation of his cranium, and you may judge how far you can rely on him. In arranging the future occupations of your children, you will find easy guides in their organic developments, and if you, at any time, are doubtful of your own views and purposes, adopt a similar test for ascertaining the truth.

A cardinal beauty of this science is its simplicity. It is open to all classes. It has no mysteries. With a proper set of casts any one may become equal to Spurzheim. There is a barber in this town devoted to the study. His shop is filled with plaster models; and he knows the characters of all his customers, because in dressing their heads, he has carefully scrutinized their organs. It is a pleasure to hear him discourse upon it. His enthusiasm is contagious. You cannot listen without conviction, and especially as your own virtues are always said to predominate over your vices, in his estimate of your peculiarities. That, however, is not singular among the professors of phrenology. They have the skill to discover merit, where nobody but themselves even suspected its existence. They have a nice delicacy of touch, which detects the finest traits; and when it is necessary, their sense of feeling is blunted. Glorious science, that can so accommodate itself!

A Matter of Choice.—Mr. T. H. was walking the other day with a peer down Barry street, towards Braham's Theatre, when they came in full view of a large butcher's shop; on each side of the door was temptingly displayed a calf, so white and delicate, that to the eyes of a connoisseur they would have been considered beautiful. Not so with the peer; with his handkerchief to his face, while passing the shop, and regarding the victim with a sidelong look of disgust, he exclaimed: "Any thing in this created world would I rather be than a butcher!" "Excuse me," said the wit, "if you had the choice, I'd wager you would rather be the butcher than the calf!"

Among the pageants at the coronation of Queen Mary, in 1553, was the following singular feat, described by *Hollinshed*: "Then there was one Peter, a Dutchman, that stood on the weathercocke of Paule's steeple (London) holding a streamer in his hand of five yards long and waving thereof, stood sometimes on the one foot, and shooke the other, and then kneeled on his knees, to the great marvell of all people. He had made two scaffolds under him, one above the crosse, having torches and streamers set on it, and another over the ball of the crosse, likewise set with streamers and torches, which could not burne, the wind was so great. The said Peter had sixteen pounds thirteen shillings given him by the Citie for his costes and paines, and for all his stuffe."

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GUZZLE.—A FRAGMENT.

GUZZLE, *seated at a table, discussing the merits of roast beef, &c.*

Enter Miss SAVEALL, SOPHIA, LUCY, *and a Servant.*

Miss S. I tell you, Mr. Guzzle, you will never rest till you kill yourself.

Guz. Bring me a glass of beer.

[*Exit Servant.*

Miss S. Beer, Mr. Guzzle? don't you know that Accum says beer is a compound of Coccu-lus Indicus?

Lucy. Multum?

Soph. Capsicum?

Miss S. Copperas?

Lucy. Quassia?

Soph. Hartshorn shavings?

Miss S. Liquorice powder?

Lucy. Carraway seeds?

Soph. Orange powder?

Miss S. Ginger?

Guz. (*Walks about in a rage.*) Accum may go to the devil! A puppy—a fool—a—a—a meddling, impertinent fellow. Can a man not quench his thirst without all this riot? But, just to show how little I care for the jackanapes, I'll have a glass of brandy this very moment.

Miss S. A glass of brandy! You may as well swallow oak saw-dust.

Lucy. Or spirituous tincture of raisin stones.

Soph. Or tincture of grains of paradise.

Guz. Confound your tincture of raisin stones, your grains of paradise! I tell you I will drink brandy,—ay, and gin too, if I please.

Miss S. Then I think it my duty to tell you that you will fill your stomach with oil of vitriol.

Lucy. Not to mention oil of almonds and turpentine.

Soph. Juniper berries.

Miss S. Lime water.

Lucy. Salt of tartar.

Soph. Spirit of wine.

Guz. Spirit of the devil!—If you don't stop your infernal harangue, you will drive me distracted—I wish to heaven that fellow had swallowed some of his own poisons; but I must away and inquire if John has returned with the mushroom catsup.

Miss S. Mushroom catsup!—treacherous luxury!

Lucy. Well might Seneca call it voluptuous poison.

Soph. Depend on it, you will be seized with a dimness in your eyes.

Miss S. A giddiness in your head.

Lucy. You will reel about like a drunken man.

Soph. You will feel oppressed with sleep.

Guz. I wish to heaven you were all asleep!

Miss S. You will have distressing pains in your legs.

Lucy. You will stare about you in a strange manner; you won't be able to shut your eyes.

Soph. You will have a beating at your heart.

Guz. I could beat the whole of you!

Miss S. You will feel as if you were swelled all over your body.

Soph. You will have long fainting fits, tremblings, palpitations, and hysteric affections.

Miss S. You will sicken and die.

Guz. I would rather die ten times over, than live to be worried by a parcel of meddling, teasing, provoking, incorrigible women!

[*Exit* GUZZLE, *followed by Miss* SAVEALL, LUCY, *and* SOPHIA.

Enter LUCY *and* SOPHIA.

Lucy. Was ever woman so harassed!—Can Mr. Guzzle really suppose that a woman, with eyes in her head, would ever prefer his booby son to the handsome elegant Trevor, whom he has dismissed so peremptorily? Assist me, Sophia, in devising some scheme to get your swain and mine introduced again into the house. Suppose we take young Guzzle into our counsels.

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Soph. You cannot suppose that he will consent to recall a rival?—No, no, that plan will never do.

Lucy. But it shall do—I will persuade young Guzzle that I am desperately in love with him, and that my partiality for Trevor was all pretended, and merely to prove his affection for me. I have thought of a plan too, to get them in, which I shall explain—but here comes Flounce.

Enter FLOUNCE.

Flounce. (*Gives a letter to Lucy.*) Here, ma'am—from Captain Trevor's servant, and he says his master is very impatient for an answer.

Lucy. Desire the servant to wait at the corner of the street.

Flounce. Yes, ma'am. [*Exit* FLOUNCE.

Lucy. (*Reading the letter.*) Ah, as I supposed—in love, in rage and despair—yes, yes—man may despair, but woman never—Now for action.

Soph. What does he say?—no message to me from Otway?

Lucy. Oh, yes, they are both dead with vexation at not being able to see us. But listen to my plan—we shall take advantage of old Guzzle's weak side, and introduce Trevor and Otway as a famous cook and his pupil.

Soph. A happy thought—but will not their ignorance betray them?

Lucy. I shall send them Kitchiner directly. But here comes my hopeful lover—follow my lead.

Enter YOUNG GUZZLE.

Guz. (*With a pompous air.*) Well, madam, I hope you are reconciled to the dismissal of that empty, conceited fop, Captain Trevor?—A mighty loss, truly!

Lucy. (*With a sentimental air.*) What, my dear Guzzle, and were you too imposed upon? How blind some people are to their own attractions.—No, no, my dear sir—I never balanced for a moment between you and Trevor. I assure you, I always thought you a very different person.

Guz. If I could but think so—But why did you pretend to be in love with him?

Lucy. Spare my blushes, dear Guzzle—Must I own that it was merely to prove your affection for me? Look at yourself, and then ask if you need fear any rival.

Guz. (*Regarding himself complacently.*) Ah, to be sure, it was very absurd in me to fear a rival in any man breathing.

Lucy. Most ridiculous!

Guz. But since you say that I have made a slight impression on you——

Lucy. Slight? the deepest impression.

Guz. When are we to be married?

Lucy. Ah! there is one grievous obstacle which you alone can remove. You know that it is universally believed that I was attached to Trevor—Now, the world will argue thus: would the beautiful, accomplished, bewitching Lucy Thornton ever have married that great heavy thick-skulled booby, young Guzzle, if she could have had Trevor?

Guz. Then the world would say what is cursedly impertinent.

Lucy. True, my beloved Guzzle; but we all know the world is not very nice in what it says; therefore I am determined never to marry you, till I have had an opportunity of proving to a censorious world, that I married you from true love; now this can only be done by my having it in my power to give Trevor a formal dismissal, which would completely prove what I have long felt, that you are capable of inspiring a deep and lasting attachment.

Guz. Do you think so?—But how shall we manage it?

Lucy. Ay, there's the difficulty.—Let me see.—Suppose now we should introduce Trevor as Dr. Saucepan, a famous cook, and Otway as his pupil—this will give poor Sophia an opportunity of seeing her beloved;—believe me, I cannot enjoy my own happiness unless her affairs also are in a fair train.

Guz. But what will my father say?

Lucy. Oh, never mind him! Consider what a triumph you will have, when I declare my attachment to you before the family—discover Master Trevor to your father, and get him turned out of the house.

Soph. Such a denouement might make any man vain.

Lucy. There is no doubt of it.

Guz. Well, I think I shall let them both come.

Soph. There is a dear sweet creature.

Lucy. What a blessed thing an obliging temper is,—how well it carries a man through the world, 'tis so taking. (*Coaxingly.*)—I always say, give me a man with a good temper. Now, my dear friend, I shall let you into a secret,—you have another rival in the young surgeon over the way; but I sacrifice him to you.—Read these lines.

(GUZZLE *reads.*)

Oh woman! born to pierce me to the heart,
And to transfix a lance in every part;
Deep are the wounds you've made in this poor frame,
And all my arts to cure them lose their aim.
List to me while I sing the sad disasters
I've made in mixing potions, pills, and plasters;
How a poor sinner I have dosed with rue,
And all, alas! from thinking upon you.
Nor is this all—the other day in vain,
A man consulted me about a sprain,
I felt the arm,—instead of ordering simples
I bade him take at night, a dose of dimples;
And when he ask'd if he'd do nothing more,
I said—pray take a pearly tooth at four.
I pamper'd next a man I should have bled
And clapt a blister on an old wife's head;
Gave to a beau lime-water for his eye;
And for the gout prescribed the Spanish fly.
Since, then, 'tis you who've injured my fair fame,
And brought a blot upon a doctor's name,
'Tis right, dear madam, you should life impart;
Oh, spread a healing ointment on my heart!
Shed but the anodyne of your sweet smiles
On one you've too long physick'd with your wiles;
You're so impervious grown to Cupid's dart,
Sure you've a strengthening plaster on your heart.
Put me on any regimen you please,—
To breathe but in your presence gives me ease!
Your devoted slave,
GABRIEL GABGLE.

Postscript.

But should young Guzzle dare my soul to torture,
I'll quickly seize, and pound him in my mortar.

Guz. Impertinent puppy! Young Guzzle, indeed!—I shall beat him to an atomy!

Lucy. Oh, never mind! he is not worth cud-

gelling;—a stupid fellow, who can find no better word than mortar to rhyme with torture.

Guz. I wonder he did not think of cream of tartar, it would have been quite in his way.

Lucy. Capital. Ah! my dear Guzzle, if he had your wit!—But let us retire to the library and arrange our future proceedings.

Guz. Anything to oblige you.

[SOPHIA *takes one arm*, LUCY *the other, and lead* GUZZLE *out, exclaiming*—"What a man! so good, so kind, so amiable, &c. &c."

Enter OLD GUZZLE, *in his night-cap, followed by Miss* SAVEALL, *and* SOPHIA.

Guz. (*Holding his head.*)—I can't imagine what is the matter with me, I feel a strange sort of fullness here.

Miss S. (*Touching her stomach.*)—If you felt a fullness here, it would surprise me less.—Have you not this moment finished three broils, a pigeon-pie, and a basin of turtle-soup?

Guz. Do you call that much for a stout man like me? And what is my breakfast? a mere nothing; a few cups of chocolate, half a dozen muffins, as many eggs, and a slice or two of mutton ham, by way of relish.

Miss S. It may be a relish to you; but I as sure you I don't relish all this extravagance.

Lucy. And you call this a light breakfast? Ha, ha, ha!

Guz. Oh, my poor head!

Miss S. Yes, yes, this comes of your drinking porter.

Guz. And would you have me drink water, to corrode my liver? Does not your favourite Accum say, that water is loaded with earthy matter? the only sensible remark he ever made.

Miss S. I have it.—Yes, yes, I know what is the cause of your indisposition. You ate a whole plateful of custard at Dr. Marrowfat's yesterday. Hear what Mr. Accum says about custard.

Guz. I won't listen to a word of his nonsense. Oh, my poor head!

Miss S. (*Reads pompously.*) "Poisonous custard.—The leaves of the cherry laurel, *prunus lauro cerasus*, a poisonous plant, have a nutty flavor, resembling that of the kernels of peach-stones, or of bitter almonds, which to most palates is grateful. Well, these leaves have for many years been in use among cooks, to communicate an almond, or kernel-like flavour to custards, puddings, creams, blancmange, and other delicacies of the table"—but listen to this, sir.

Guz. (*Impatiently.*) I have heard quite enough already.

Miss S. "Several children at a boarding-school, in the vicinity of Richmond, having partaken of some custard, flavored with the leaves of the cherry laurel, as is frequently practised by cooks, four of the poor innocents——"

Guz. Confound your four innocents! What are they to me?

Miss S. Mr. Guzzle, you shock me.—I say, sir, "four of the poor innocents were taken severely ill in consequence; two of them, a girl six years of age, and a fine boy of five years old——"

Guz. Hold your babble, I tell you!

Miss S. "This boy of five years old fell into a profound sleep—"

Guz. Miss Saveall, would you oblige me eternally?

Miss S. Mr. Guzzle, you well know that my exertions for your welfare and happiness are unceasing.—What do you wish me to do?

Guz. Eat a plateful of custard directly.

Miss S. Barbarous man! Is this the reward for my anxiety to keep you out of your grave?—But you shall listen to me.—Where was I? Oh, here—"They fell into a profound sleep, out of which they could not be roused; notwithstanding the various medical exertions used, the boy remained in a stupor ten hours, and the girl nine hours: the other two complained of severe pains. Luckily, they all recovered after three days' illness."—Now, will any person of sense, or prudence, season his victuals with poison?

Guz. Oh, for Baptista Porta's book on Natural Magic!

Miss S. Why, what good would that do you?

Guz. Good!—Why, it would teach me how to persuade a goose to roast herself!—Ha, ha, ha!

Miss S. Really Mr. Guzzle——

Enter YOUNG GUZZLE, TREVOR *and* OTWAY.

Young Guz. My dear sir, allow me to introduce to you the celebrated Dr. Saucepan, and his pupil Mr. Allspice.

[TREVOR, OTWAY, *and* GUZZLE, *bow to each other.*

Old Guz. (*To Young Guz. aside.*) Who, say you, are these gentlemen?

Young Guz. Have you not heard of the famous Dr. Saucepan, the first cook in Europe? he is travelling about inspecting our kitchens;—he means to publish, sir, so take care what you say before him.

Old Guz. Ay, ay, say you so? Will he stay to dinner?—Good lack, I must run to the larder.

Young Guz. 'Pon my faith, I don't know—he is pestered to death with invitations; but try to persuade him to remain a few days, he will be able to give the girls some lessons, and I have no doubt his visits here will make some noise.

[*Looks significantly at* LUCY *and* SOPHIA.

Old Guz. You are heartily welcome, gentlemen, to my house;—I hope you will do me the honour of dining with me.

Trevor. Oh, sir, the thing is impossible! I am over head and ears in engagements;—I have promised to dress my Lord Brainless's calf's-head—to season Lady Backbite's tongue—to make a floating island for Sir John Lackland—to whip the trifle of my Lady Airey, and to make an Irish stew for the new Viceroy.

Old Guz. You must not deny me,—Lord Brainless will never miss you,—Sir John Lackland's island, and Lady Airey's trifle, may wait.—Lady Backbite's tongue will keep cold; and as for the Viceroy's Irish stew, there is no want of cooks for that.

Trevor. (*Conceitedly.*) Well, sir, since you insist on it, I believe I must consent.

Old Guz. You transport me.—Now, sir, may I venture to request you will give the ladies of my family some instruction?

Trevor. I shall be too happy.

Old Guz. There is my ward, Miss Lucy,—the last time she superintended the dressing of my calf's-head, she forgot to take the scum off my brains.

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Trevor. Oh, fie! that was unpardonable.

Old Guz. Put neither sage leaves nor butter in them.

Trevor. The sage leaves would have been a great addition.

Old Guz. And to crown all, the careless baggage left the skin upon my tongue. I fear, Dr. Saucepan, she will do you little credit.

Trevor. Don't say so; I hope to find her a very docile pupil.

Old Guz. Oh, I fear, I fear!—But tell me, Dr. Saucepan, what would you advise me to do with my head?

Trevor. Oh, score it! Beat up the yolk of an egg, and rub it over your head with a feather, —powder it with parsley, pepper, and salt; give it a brown with a salamander, then sprinkle it over with melted butter.

Old Guz. Capital, capital! Let us set about it directly. [*Exeunt.*

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

In the fall of 1773, large quantities of tea were imported into Boston from England, by merchants engaged in the East India trade, by consent and approbation of the ministry, who were desirous, perhaps, of putting the temper of the people to another trial. The colonies, especially Massachusetts, had afforded a great market for the sale of this article. A drawback was allowed in England on all which was exported, which was another inducement to send it to America. The people of Boston had early notice of the intended shipment; and a meeting was held, when the agreement not to purchase or use tea was revived, and it was further determined that it should not be landed. The consignees were desired not to receive it, nor allow it to be taken from the ships. They declined making any such promise. A second meeting was called, when it was voted, "that the duty on tea was a tax on the people, imposed without their consent; and that sending the article into this province, in this manner, was an attempt to enforce the plan of the ministry to raise a revenue; and was, therefore, a direct attack on the liberties of the people; and that whoever should receive or vend the tea, would prove himself an enemy to the country." A committee of the town was again directed to wait on the consignees, with a request that they would have no concern with the cargoes when they arrived. They returned an evasive answer, which the town declared to be unsatisfactory and affrontive.

When the tea arrived, another meeting of the people was held in Boston, attended also by the inhabitants of other towns, some of them at the distance of twenty miles. There was an unusual excitement. It was said, "that the hour of ruin, or of manly opposition, had come." The word went forth, "for all who were friends of the country to make a united resistance to this last and worst measure of administration." At this very populous meeting, it was voted, "to use all lawful efforts to prevent the landing of the tea, and to have it returned to England." The consignees became alarmed, and promised to advise that it should be sent back. But this was not sufficiently decisive to satisfy the people. And the meeting was adjourned for several hours, to give the owners or the factor time to decide. These protested against the proceedings of the town: but the town forbid the landing, and even the entering of the tea at the custom-house, at the peril of the owners. They, however, ordered a watch of twenty-five men, for the security of the vessels and cargoes; for they probably feared that there would be a mob, and wished to prevent it.

In the meantime, application was made to the governor to order clearances for the vessels, that they might return; but he declined, saying that it belonged to the officers of the customs to decide on such cases. He had already called on the council for advice, as to a guard to prevent riots, and to protect the merchants in landing the teas—who had refused to interfere in the affair, as the civil magistrate was competent to order it?

On the following day the citizens again assembled to learn the decision of the factors of the vessels and cargoes, whether they would order them back forthwith, or not, when the sheriff appeared with a proclamation and ordered the people to disperse. But a vote passed unanimously, that they would not separate, as the meeting was regular, and their object important. Some of the agents of the English merchants who had sent over the tea, sent word to the meeting, that they must decline giving orders for the return of the ships with their cargoes; but that they would consent that it should be stored till they could hear from England.

The people continued in a highly excited state, the conduct of the factors and consignees having given them no satisfaction. They again resolved, that they would prevent the landing of the tea, at every hazard. And they requested the assistance of their fellow-citizens from the country towns, on due notice to be given, if the exigency should require it. A portion of the people were fully sensible of the effect of any violent proceedings. They could not but expect the power of England would be exerted to reduce the province to submission.—And they warned the more zealous and ardent to reflect on the consequences of the measures they might pursue, and to do nothing which could not be justified, or which they should be ashamed or afraid to defend, at a future day.*

When it became evident that the owners and factors of the cargoes would not comply with the requests of the people, nor the governor, nor the officers of the customs interfere as entreated, a number of men in disguise, as the meeting broke up at the approach of night, proceeded to the vessels, and soon threw all the tea into the dock. No damage was done or offered to other property, and but few of the inhabitants were apprised of what was intended and executed, except those personally engaged in the enterprise, who were about fifty. The people through the province approved of the spirited conduct of the Bostonians, and declared their readiness to support them, in opposition to all unjust and oppressive measures of the British ministry. And the opinion was increasing, "that if they would maintain their rights and liberties, they must fight for them."†

*Josiah Quincy, Jr. addressed the people, on this occasion, and in this strain, with great effect.

† This was the public declaration of Joseph Hawley, of Northampton, and one of the leading members of the assembly.

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THE AMERICAN PHENOMENON, TOM THUMB.

A few years ago the "sporting world" of England was greatly astonished by the wonderful trotting performances of a small and somewhat uncouth looking horse, which had recently been imported into that country from the United States. This animal exhibited powers of speed and bottom which had theretofore been unrivalled, and his fame flew over all parts of the kingdom, insomuch that he was every where known by the name of the *American Phenomenon*. Matches against time were made by his owner, in which the chances were apparently so much against the horse, that large sums of money were freely hazarded upon the result, and it was not until after he had displayed several feats of the most surprising character that the Jockeys could be persuaded of the reality of his abilities. This horse was the celebrated TOM THUMB, whose likeness is given above. He is of a dark brown colour, and stands 14 hands 2 inches high. He was brought to Philadelphia, when two years old, by Hecaquacnissaw, (or Hawk Eye,) a chief of the Mocassin Indians, from between the forks of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, where he was caught in a wild state. From Philadelphia he was taken to New York, and while yet a colt beat all the two year old running horses to which he was opposed; he was four years old before he was broken in to trot, since which time he has generally been a winner in all the numerous matches in which he was engaged. In 1828 his then owner, Mr. William Jackson, took him to England, where soon after he acquired such distinguished celebrity. His first trial in that country was in a match against a famous roan horse, on the Brighton road, when he performed fifty miles in four hours and twenty minutes, in an ordinary gig, driven by Mr. Jackson, whose weight at the time was 12 stone 8 pounds. He accomplished the first 40 miles in one minute less than three hours, and the latter part of his journey he did at his ease, his opponent having broken down.

His second trial was against time, on Monday, February 2, 1829, trotting over five miles of Sunbury Common, 100 miles in 10 hours and 7 minutes, being 23 minutes within the time stipulated. On this occasion he was driven by William Haggerty, the proprietor's groom, weighing 10 stone, in a match cart built in this country. Mr. Osbaldistone, the great English sportsman, whose many achievements have made his name familiar to all admirers of sport, even in the United States, purchased Tom Thumb of Mr. Jackson. He proved himself equally good in saddle as in harness, being free from blemish, and perfectly sound.

Posthumous Glory.—A revenue payable to our ghosts—an ignus fatuus—an exhalation arising from the ashes and corruption of the body—the glow-worm of the grave—and Jack-o'-lantern, of which a skeleton is the Jack, and the lantern a dark one—protracted oblivion—the short twilight that survives the setting of the vital sun, and is presently quenched in the darkness of the night. "Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust," may be of our fame as well as of our frame; one is buried very soon after the other. When the rattling earth is cast upon our coffin it sends up a hollow sound, which after a few faint echoes, dies and is buried in oblivious silence. That fleeting noise is our posthumous renown. Living glory is the advantage of being known to them whom you don't know; posthumous glory is enjoying a celebrity from which you can derive no enjoyment, and enabling every puppy in existence to feel his superiority over you by repeating the old dictum, that a living dog is better than a dead lion, or by quoting from Shakspeare—"I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath!"

Family Pride.—We have somewhere read of a high-born lady in England, who, when far advanced in life, collected around her sumptuous board, on the annual festival of her birth-day, a numerous assemblage of relatives, including her own children and their children, and their children's children.

Thus seated and surrounded by the members of her ancient and honourable family, she congratulated them most eloquently on their high and honourable birth and condition in life, and with great complacency, alluded to herself as the ancient, the honoured and honourable *root* from which all these noble and flourishing branches had sprung, and derived their noble blood and excellence. But, looking around on the company, she observed that the countenance of her cousin Ned wore a sarcastic smile, and inquired the cause of that offensive, sneering look. "O, madam," said Ned, "I was only thinking how much better these noble branches, especially the older ones, which require much support, would flourish, provided the old Root were well under ground."

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STOCK-EXCHANGE HEROICS;

OR, THE MAYOR AND THE BEARS.

A Capel Court Coleridgian Canticle.

Lord Copeland sat in the Mayor's costume,
At the Mansion-house in the Justice-room,
Gravely disposing of the rigs
Of drunkards, disorderlies, sneaks, and prigs;
And, near him with looks inspiring awe,
(And to set him right on points of law,)
Sat old Frank Hobler, with visage sallow,
As if it was plaster'd with putty or tallow.

Lord Copeland rais'd his wond'ring eyes,
And gaz'd on a worthy with some surprise,
Who, while sweat drops huge on his forehead broke,
In hurried tone to his Lordship spoke.
"My Lord, (he cried,) as chief of the City,
I crave your protection from Mr. Chitty,
Who, through his friend Mackay, with feelings cruel,
Has tried to provoke me to fight a duel.

"My Lord, it is neither new nor strange,
That we all belong to the Stock Exchange;
But, first I inform you, the luck is mine,
To bear the cognomen of Heseltine.
Of course, my Lord, you can't fail to know,
One Lakeman bolted not long ago,
Leaving some of our lads, who had bargain'd away,
Confoundedly minus on settling-day.

"But others, my lord, and I tell no fibs,
Contriv'd, by some means, to secure the dibs;
And they grinn'd (both of Hebrew and Christian sects,)
At those who had suffer'd by "no effects."
But, my Lord, our Committee made this decision,
That there should of the funds be fair division;
And, that all who had suffer'd by Lakeman's strike,
In right of justice should share alike.

"Now, many, my Lord, who had done the trick,
Swore for them the Committee might go to old nick;
And the doctrine broach'd might go to pot,
For they wouldn't refund one rap they'd got.
My Lord, I'm a sufferer—barring joking,
And to lose one's rhino is precious provoking;
So I join'd with others in print to attack,
The men who held so unfairly back.

"I was only one in the transaction,
Why then call on *me* for satisfaction?
With quite as good reason, bold Mr. Chitty,
Might take a pop at the whole Committee.
His friend allow'd 'twas an awkward job,
But he couldn't call out a hydra's nob,
So, to set his repute from blemish free,
He begg'd to exchange a bullet with me.

"Now blood, my Lord, I've no wish to spill,
And never could relish a leaden pill;
So, I humbly entreat, most Noble Mayor,
You will bear me harmless in this affair."
Lord Copeland roll'd his eyes at large,
And sigh'd—"'Tis indeed a weighty charge—
A charge I can't easily dismiss—
Mr. Chitty, what have you to say to this?"

"Why, my Lord (cried Chitty), 'tis past a doubt
That Mr. Heseltine won't turn out;
And, as he refuses to have a pop,
As a matter of course the thing must drop."
"My Lord (said Heseltine), isn't it clear,
How much his swagger is lower'd here?
But, I'll never forget, nor ever forgive,
His claiming from me 'the alternative.'"

"Ah," Chitty exclaimed, "'tis all very fine,
But a coward you are, Mr. Heseltine.
Though a gentleman's feelings you chose to affront,
By hinting he foully had sacked the blunt,
I could satisfy any impartial judge
That all you have stated is downright fudge;
And though I in Latin may choose to express it,
Nemo me Chitty impune lacessit."

Then Lord Copeland decided, with gravity due,
"There can't be a doubt of the object in view,
And Chitty and Mackay, a lesson to teach,
Must forthwith give bail for five hundred each."
Both parties, with indignation heated,
Made their bow to Lord Copeland, and then retreated,
While Hobler whispered aside to the Mayor,
"My Lord, this is truly a silly affair."

DRAKE,

The Immortal Author of the American Flag, Niagara, and the Culprit Fay, died at the age of 25, and was buried at Hunt's Point, L. I. Sound.

Bard of the lofty sounding lyre,
Thy strains so wild and bold,
Were nerved with freedom's holy fire,
In sweetest cadence roll'd.

'Twas thine to sing in matchless lays
That flag so dear to fame,
And with its splendor beaming rays
Link thy immortal name.

On towering hills, by steep ravines,
By thundering torrent's foam,
'Mid nature's most romantic scenes,
'Twas thy delight to roam.

The gentle thoughts of life were thine—
Their pure rich glow impart,
With feeling, grace, and truth divine,
A fragrance to the heart.

Now, freedom mourns that one so young,
So gifted, breathes no more—
The bard, who hath her glories sung,
Sleeps by the surf-beat shore.

Oh, thither oft, when smiles the moon,
And bright stars gem the sky,
The water nymphs their shell harps tune
With woodland fairies hie.

And, o'er their minstrel slumbering,
The sylphs a dew pall spread,
While airy sprites with breeze bells ring
A requiem o'er the dead.

Yet, though in death the bard lay low,
His fame can ne'er decay,
Long as *Niagara's* billows roll,
Or lives the *Culprit Fay.*

THE MATRIMONIAL IRIS.

Transplanted from heaven, her own native skies,
Came woman, an angel, to consecrate man;
And the fire that e'en tears cannot quench in her eyes,
First lit the love-flame that in Eden began.

Then a tear, now a smile—'tis the type of our loves—
A shower and sunshine that mingle together;
And I vow by dear Venus, her swans, and her doves,
They look like the rainbow of honeymoon weather.

So you be the shower—the sunshine am I;
Or you be the sunshine, and I'll be the shower;
It matters not which—if you'll waft but a sigh,
And promise your rain *beau* to wed in an hour.

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COMFORT.

I'd like to have a little farm,
And leave such scenes as these,
Where I could live without a care,
Completely at my ease.
I'd like to have a pleasant house
Upon my little farm,
Airy and cool in summer time,
In winter close and warm.

I'd like to have a little wife—
I reckon I know who;
I'd like to have a little son,
A little daughter too;
And when they'd climb upon my knee,
I'd like a little toy,
To give my pretty little girl—
Another to my boy.

I'd like to have a little chaise
That we might take a ride,
I'd like a little pony for
My boy to jog beside.
I'd like to have a little cash,
And owe no little debts;
There's nothing in the world so much
An easy temper frets.

I should not like my wife to shake
A broom-stick at my head,
For then I might begin to think
She did not love her NED;
But I should always like to see
Her gentle as a dove;
I should not like to hear her scold,
But be all joy and love.

If I had these I would not ask
For any thing beside,
I'd be content thus smoothly through
The tedious world to glide.
My little wife and I, would then
No earthly trouble see,
Surrounded by our little ones,
How happy would we be!

CHEERFULNESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

See how the day beameth brightly before us!
Blue is the firmament—green is the earth—
Grief hath no voice in the universe chorus—
Nature is ringing with music and mirth.
Lift up the looks that are sinking in sadness—
Gaze! and if beauty can rapture thy soul,
Virtue herself shall allure thee to gladness—
Gladness! philosophy's guerdon and goal.

Enter the treasuries pleasure uncloses—
List! how she thrills in the nightingale's lay?
Breathe! she is wafting the sweets from the roses;
Feel she is cool in the rivulet's play;
Taste! from the grape and the nectarine gushing
Flows the red rill in the beams of the sun—
Green in the hills, in the flower-groves blushing,
Look! she is always and every where one.

Banish, then, mourner! the tears that are trickling,
Over the cheeks that should rosily bloom;
Why should a man, like a girl or a sickling,
Suffer his lamp to be quenched in the tomb?
Still may we battle for goodness and beauty;
Still hath philanthropy much to essay;
Glory rewards the fulfilment of duty;
Rest will pavilion the end of our way.

What, though corroding and multiplied sorrows,
Legion-like darken this planet of ours,
Hope is a balsam the wounded heart borrows
Even when anguish hath palsied its powers;
Wherefore, though fate play the part of a traitor,
Soar o'er the stars on the pinions of hope,
Fearlessly certain that sooner or later,
Over the stars thy desires shall have scope.

Look round about on the face of creation!
Still is God's earth undistorted and bright;
Comfort the captive's too long tribulation,
Thus shalt thou reap thy more perfect delight.
Love!—but if love be a hallowed emotion,
Purity only its rapture should share;
Love, then, with willing and deathless devotion,
All that is just and exalted and fair.

Act!—for in action are wisdom and glory;
Fame, immortality—these are its crown:
Wouldst thou illumine the tablets of story,
Build on ACHIEVEMENTS thy dome of renown.
Honour and feeling were given thee to cherish,
Cherish them, then, though all else should decay;
Landmarks by these that are never to perish,
Stars that will shine on the duskiest day.

Courage!—disaster and peril, once over,
Freshen the spirit as showers the grove:
O'er the dim graves that the cypresses cover,
Soon the Forget-me-not rises in love.
Courage, then, friends! Though the universe crumble,
Innocence, dreadless of danger beneath,
Patient and trustful, and joyous and humble,
Smiles through the ruin on darkness and death.

DRAWING ROOM MELODIES.

Gaily the Fishermen touched the Light Oar.

Gaily the Fishermen
Pull'd the light oar,
As they were hastening
Home from afar,
Singing "From Chesapeake
Hither we come—
Pull my boys! Pull my boys!
We're nearing home."

None for the Fishermen
Hopelessly wept,
As they thus pull'd the bark
Whilst others slept;
Singing "This bonnie night
We will not roam;
Pull my boys! Pull my boys!
We're nearing home."

Hark! 'tis the Fishermen
Dropping the oar,
As they so merrily
Leap on the shore—
Singing "From Chesapeake
Hither we come.
Rest, my boys! Rest, my boys!
We are at home."

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OLD KING COLE.

AN ANCIENT MELODY.

Old King Cole was a mer - ry old soul, And a mer - ry

old soul was he; And he call'd for his pipe, and he

call'd for his bowl, And he call'd for his Fid - dlers three— And

ev' - ry Fid - dler he had a fine fid - dle, And a

ve - ry fine fid - dle had he, had he, Then twee - dle

twee, tweedle twee, goes the fiddler, Tweedle, tweedle twee, And so

merry we'll all be, tweedle twee. For there's naught so rare as

can compare to the Sons of Har - - mo - - - - - - ny.

II.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
And he call'd for his pipe, and he call'd for his bowl,
And he call'd for his Pipers three—
And ev'ry Piper he had a fine pipe,
And a very fine pipe had he.

In Falsette, in imitation of a pipe.

Then too - - dle loo, Too - dle loo, goes the Pi - - per,

too - dle, loodle loo. Then tweedle twee, tweedle twee, goes the Fiddler, &c.

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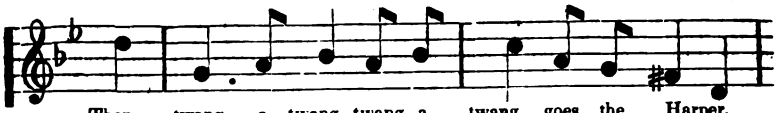
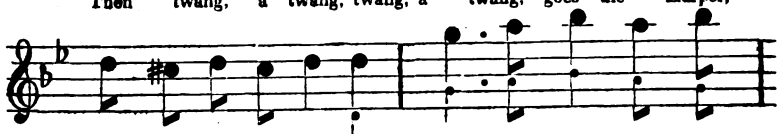
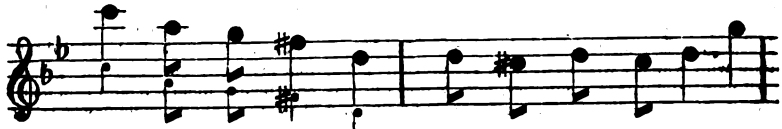
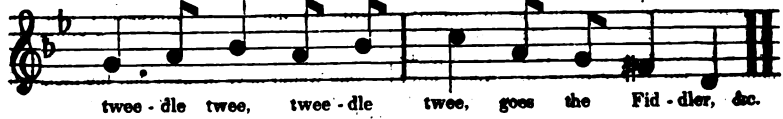
III.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
And he call'd for his pipe, and he call'd for his bowl,
And he call'd for his Harpers three—
And ev'ry Harper he had a fine harp,
And a very fine harp had he.



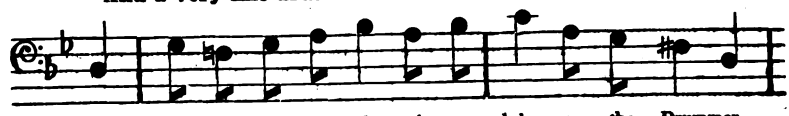


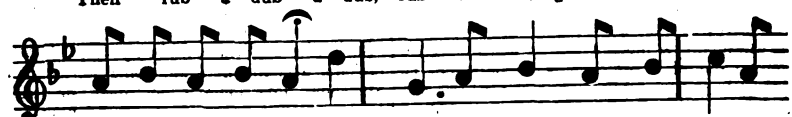


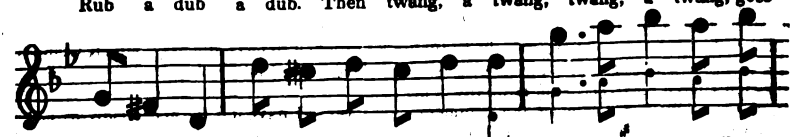


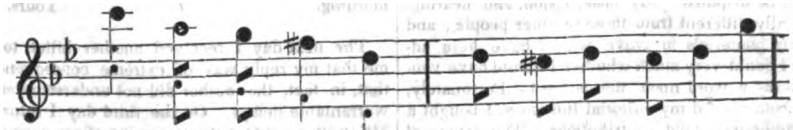
IV.

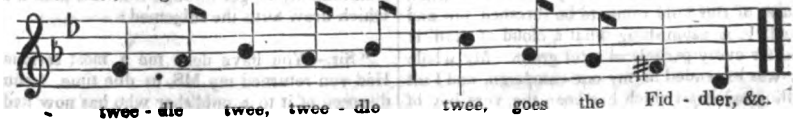
Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
And he call'd for his pipe, and he call'd for his bowl,
And he call'd for his Drummers three—
And ev'ry Drummer he had a fine drum,
And a very fine drum had he.











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AUTHORS AND EDITORS.

I dare say that there are few amateurs or incipient professors of literature, who do not think that the editor of a Magazine is the most comfortable workman in the craft. He is not subject to the rejections and mortifications which sometimes fall to the lot of less potential persons, and has the power of patronising his friends and annoying his enemies just as much as he pleases. All this is very true; but, to my sorrow, I must dispute the inference. I was once, in a dark hour of my fate, induced to become the Lord of one of these great creations myself, and, though I was deposed immediately after the publication of my first number, I obtained quite enough experience to turn pale at the sight of a proof-sheet ever after. I set to work with the determination of being popular, and encountered the cares and fatigues of unridding hieroglyphic manuscripts, and patching up broken sentences, with the constancy of a literary martyr. I hunted in holes and corners for genius in obscurity, that I might display it to the noon-day, and I felt my heart warm at the gratitude with which I was about to be rewarded. I reviewed new publications, paintings, and performances of all descriptions, with the tenderness of a parent to the first pledges of his fondness; I was on both sides in politics; and I never received a communication from the veriest ass which was not attended to as punctually as a love-letter. One would have thought that with so many claims to universal goodwill I could not fail of obtaining it. Alas! after fidgeting and fevering myself to a skeleton, I discovered that folks of my calling are something in the predicament of house dogs, which are not only cursed for every honest bark they make, but mistrusted and villified even when they fawn for favor. Before I was in power I was considered a good sort of person enough, and had as many friends as most people. I could walk the streets without thought of danger, and go about my business without fear of criticism. In one brief quarter of a year, I have outfallen the fall of Phæton. I have not only made no new friends, but have lost all my old ones. I cannot show my face without being hooted like an owl by daylight, and shall never again put pen to paper without seeing each miserable sentence drawn and quartered and hung up to public view, as the remnants of the malefactor, who presumed to lord it over his betters. Expostulation is out of the question. A blockhead who has undergone the scratching out of a sentence is as impatient as though it had been his eye; a manuscript which has been returned is morally certain of becoming wadding for a pistol; and I look upon all the obligations which I have conferred as so many thunderbolts which are destined to crack my ex-editorial crown. In addition to all these grievous circumstances, the numerous assurances which I have received of the fallibility of my judgment, have altogether destroyed the confidence which I used formerly to repose in it. I feel shy of hazarding an opinion upon the merest trifle, for fear it should be disputed. My taste, vision, and hearing, seem totally different from those of other people; and had I not materials to prove what I have here advanced, I doubt very much whether I should have ventured to say a word upon this subject. Fortunately, when I commenced my editorial functions, I bought a huge hand-box to hold contributions. The favors of my friends soon crammed it to splitting, but when store-houses of this kind come to be threshed out and winnowed, it is astonishing what a cloud of chaff is produced for every particle of solid grain. My whole treasury was expended in my one campaign, and I set about filling my box (which has been the very box of Pandora in every thing save the article of Hope) with the first fruits of it. It is now, if possible, fuller than it was, and if the reader likes the samples I am about to give him, I will feast him as long as he has an appetite. The first *morceau* I have laid my hands upon, is from a gentleman to whom I wrote—"The Editor of the ——— Magazine presents his compliments to Mr. ——, and begs to offer his best thanks for the perusal of his Essay on Pathos, which he regrets exceedingly his great supply of that article obliges him to return."

The reply to this billet is as follows:

"Sir,—I am extremely glad to have my Pathos again, as it was only sent for the support of a Magazine which has no chance of succeeding by its wit. At the same time I must inform you that it was a matter of some condescension for a person so well known as myself (in private circles) to submit my works to the judgment of one who is only likely to be conspicuous from his incapacity to appreciate them. My friends, upon whose taste I can fully rely, are of opinion that my Essay on Pathos has great power, for it was read before them a month ago, and they have been dull ever since. This, however, is not said that you may send for it back, and I think it right to inform you that I shall listen to no future solicitations to write for the ——— Magazine; and remain, Sir,

"Your's, &c. &c."

One would have thought that the indignation of this lover of dullness, with whom I had the misfortune to feel so little sympathy, would at any rate have been counterbalanced by the kind words of those whose effusions I had printed in preference. But no such thing. The same post brought the following from a young beginner, who had entreated that I would do him the favor of cutting down and altering his papers as I thought best; and I vow, that in my fatherly anxiety for his reputation, I spent more time upon them than I did upon my own.

"Dear Sir,—Pray be kind enough to inform me which are my articles in your last number, for they are so altered that I do not recognize them. I have no doubt that they are a great deal the better for it, and am excessively obliged to you, and extremely sorry that it will not be in my power to forward any more contributions. Please to beg your publisher to send me his account, as I am going to take in another Magazine, and believe me, dear sir, truly yours.

"—— ——."

The next little note was left at my publisher's, with an article "to be continued," which would have filled a decent sized folio volume.

"Sir,—I have left the accompanying paper for your perusal, and shall be obliged by an answer respecting its admissibility into your Magazine by to-morrow morning. Yours, &c."

The next day I received another billet to inform me that my reply was of extreme consequence, and that, in fact, the author did not understand such unwarrantable delays. On the third day I returned the MS. with a polite note expressive of my sorrow at my total inability to get through it in less than a month—which drew forth the subjoined:

"Sir,—You have done me a most serious injury. Had you returned my MS. in due time, I could have disposed of it to a publisher who has now had leisure to change his mind. I am determined upon having ample reparation; and, if I do not hear from you by

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return of post, shall most undoubtedly place the affair in the hands of my lawyer. I remain, &c."

This, I believe, cannot fail of being thought a little unreasonable; but, if so, what will be said of the next, which was written by a son of Apollo, whom I had lauded out of pure friendship to his calling?

"Sir,—I have just seen in your Magazine a review of my poem, which you clearly do not understand, and of which, you have injured the sale by misleading the public opinion. You call it sublime, when, in fact, it is pathetic. People are tired of the sublime, and the comparison with Milton is ruination to me. I will defy you or any one else, to find a single passage which might be mistaken for Milton's. You call it harmonious, when it is meant to be abrupt and impassioned throughout. You call the conclusion to the story moral and edifying, when nothing can be more the reverse. In short, you have played the deuce with all its greatest beauties, and the consequence is, that nobody will read it.

"My friend Mr. ——, the artist is with me, and begs that you will not mention his picture again, having put him to great inconvenience in contradicting all that you have said. It is not like Claude, or Nature, or any thing else, but is entirely original. The coloring is upon a new principle, and is not transparent, but opaque throughout. The figures are not well drawn, but are touched off with a graceful negligence, and, instead of an evening scene, it is intended to be sunrise. I remain, &c."

My next epistle is from a young spark who was one of five hundred recommendations which came pouring in from my friends in all parts of the globe. The youth was described as the younger son of a country squire, a fine young man, who was thought by his mother to possess great talent, which, of course I should have abundant pleasure and advantage in bringing forward. He had never, it appeared, scribbled a line in his life, and was sent to me like a block, fresh from the timber yard, to be hewn which way I pleased. What could I say in such a case? I asked him to dinner, and told him that I would apply to him when I had occasion. In a fortnight after, came the cursed twopenny postman with—

"Dear Sir,—I have been waiting impatiently to hear from you, according to promise, being anxious to set to work. I have been staying all this time at a hotel, doing nothing, and at a great expense upon the score of the Magazine, and my friends in the country are anxious to see some of my works. Pray let me know what I am to write, for it is all one to me, by return of post, and believe me, &c."

I wrote immediately, and regretted exceedingly that I had been the means of detaining him in town, assuring him at the same time that the press of matter would not possibly permit me to avail myself of his talents for some months at least. In about ten minutes came the following answer:

"Sir,—This is what I won't stand. I have been staying in London at your particular desire, and now I'm to be told you don't want me. I shall send you my bill at the hotel as soon as it is made out, and if you don't pay it, I'll see the reason why,

"Yours, &c. ————."

The foregoing are a mere taste of my treasures. I have complaints, and revilings, and expostulations, and challenges, and all sorts of entertaining things on every subject and in every style imaginable; but what I have already given, is quite enough to maintain my opinion of editorial comfort. I will only add one communication from my publisher, by way of a climax.

"My dear sir,—Here is the devil to pay! It is absolutely necessary that you should give up the Editorship of the Magazine. I am aware that no one else can possibly conduct it so well, but the hue and cry which is raised against you by our correspondents, and the consequent falling off in our sales are not to be withstood. Pray see the reason of this, and give me the pleasure of your company at dinner on Sunday, to meet a party of your predecessors who have each in turn been unfortunate enough to give similar dissatisfaction. Believe me, very truly,

"Yours, ———— ————.

"P. S.—You had better not come to me on a week day, as there are several persons waiting for you in the shop who had better not be suffered to catch you————."

A SISTER'S LOVE.

There is no purer feeling kindled upon the altar of human affections, than a sister's pure, uncontaminated love for her brother. It is unlike all other affections; so disconnected with selfish sensuality; so feminine in its development; so dignified, and yet withal so fond, so devoted. Nothing can alter it, nothing can suppress it.—The world may revolve, and its revolutions effect changes in the fortunes, in the character, and in the disposition of her brother; yet if he wants, whose hand will so readily stretch out as that of his sister? and if his character is maligned, whose voice will so readily swell in his advocacy? Next to a mother's unquenchable love, a sister's is pre-eminent. It rests so exclusively on the tie of consanguinity for its sustenance; it is so wholly divested of passion, and springs from such a deep recess in the human bosom, that when a sister once fondly and deeply regards her brother, that affection is blent with her existence, and the lamp that nourishes it expires only with that existence. In all the annals of crime, it is considered something anomalous to find the hand of a sister raised in anger against her brother, or her heart nurturing the seeds of hatred, envy, or revenge, in regard to that brother. In the affections of woman, there is a devotedness, and a depth, which cannot be properly appreciated by man. In those regards where the passions are not at all necessary in increasing the strength of the affections, more sincere truth and pure feelings may be expected, than in such as are dependent upon each other for their duration as well as their felicities. A sister's love in this respect, is peculiarly remarkable. There is no selfish gratification in its outpourings; it lives from the natural impulse; and personal charms are not in the slightest degree necessary to its birth or duration.

Shakspeare's Wife.—Shakspeare married at eighteen; his wife was eight years older. It is supposed that she did not contribute to his domestic happiness. One of his biographers imagines that he was jealous; but this is scarcely probable, considering that he did not take her to London, but lived at a distance from her many years. It is certain that he neglected her in his will, in which her name was at first wholly omitted, and subsequently inserted with the bequest of "his second best bed."—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

Since the capture of Santa Anna, it is established that Texas should be pronounced Takes us, and the people called, not Texans, nor Texians, nor Texicans, nor Texasians, but Take'Santaannaoninns.

CORONATION OF RICHARD III.

On the day after that on which he had been proclaimed king, Richard III. proceeded in great state to Westminster Hall, with a numerous train of attendants, "and there, when he had placed himself in the Court of the King's Bench (on "the marble seat," as some writers state) he declared to the audience, that he would take upon him the crowne in that place there, where the king himself sitteth and ministereth the law, because he considered that it was the chiefest dutie of a king to minister the lawes. Then with as pleasant an oration as he could, he went about to win unto him the nobles, merchants, the artificers, and in conclusion, all kind of men, but especiallie the lawieres of this realme. And finallie to the intent that no man should hate him for feare, and that his deceitfull clemencie might get him the good will of the people, when he had declared the discommodities of discord and the commodities of concord and unitie, he made an open proclamation, that he did put out of his mind all enmities, and that he there did openlie pardon all offenses committed against him. And to the intent that he might shew a proofe thereof, he commanded that one Fog whom he had long deadlie hated, should be brought before him, who being brought out of the sanctuarie (for thither he had fled for feare of him) in the sight of the people he tooke him by the hand. Which thing the common people rejoiced at and praised, but wise men tooke it for vanitie."

The coronation of Richard and Anne, his consort (the daughter of the king-making Earl of Warwick,) was solemnized in the Abbey Church at Westminster, on July 6, 1483. Holinshed remarks, that, "the solemnitie was furnished, for the most part, with the selfe same provision that was appointed for the coronation of his nephue;" which had been arranged to take place about six weeks prior to that date.

In the description of this ceremonial, given in an Harleian MS., it is stated, that after the trumpets and clarions, the serjeant at arms, and the heralds bearing the king's heraldic insignia, came "the Crosse wt a ryall procession; fyrst Prests wt grey Amyses and then Abbotts and Bishops wt meters on their heads and crosers in their hands, and the Bishope of Rochest' bare the crosse before the Cardinall (Abp. Bourchier.)

And then comyng th' Erl of Northumberland baryng the poyntless sworde before the king naked. The Lord Stanley bare the masse (mace) before the kinge. Th' Earl of Kent bare the second sworde poynted on the right hand of the king.—The Lord Lovell bare the iij sworde on the left hand the king naked. Then comying the Duke of Suff: bering the king's scepter.—Th' Erl of Lyncolne bare the crosse wt the balle. Th' Erl of Surry bare the iiijth sworde with the scabbard before the Kinge upright. Then comyng the Duke of Norff: bering the King's Crowne betwyx his hands. And then foloigne our Sovereigne Lorde Kinge Rychd the iiide and over his hed a clothe of estate borne wt the v. ports, and on eche syde of the kynge going a Bishope, the Bishope of Bathe and the Bishope of Durram, and so the King going in his robes of purple velvet. Then comyn the Duke of Bokingh'm bering the king's trayne wt a whyt staff in his hande. And then, comyng before the Quene both Erls and barrons. Th' Erle of Huntyngton bare the quene's scepter, the Viscount Lyle the rod wt ye dove upon. Th' Erle of Wylshyre bare the quene's Crowne. Then comynge our Sovereigne Lady the Quene, and over her hed a clothe of estate, and of every corner of the cloth a balle of golde, and on her hed a cyrklet of golde wt many precyous stones sett therein, and on every syde the quene going a Bishope, the Bishope of Excaster and the Bishope of Norwyche, and our Lady of Rychemond bare the quene's trayne. And our lady of Suff: going in her estate by herselffe alone, and on her hed a cyrclet of Golde. Then after her comyng the dutches of Norff: wt other ladyes to the number of xxtie. Then after them comyng knights and squiers wt many typstaves."

In recounting the formalities of the coronation, the writer of the MS. says that, the king and queen having quitted their seats of estate and advanced to the high altar, while the priests and clerks were "synging laten and prycksonge," their majesties "put off their robes and *there stood all nakyd from the medall upwards*, and anone the Bishope anoyntdd both the Kyng and the Quyne. And when this was done, the Kyng and Quyne changed their robes into clothe of golde, and then the Cardinell crowned them both wt great solemnetye, and the organs went fvll shortly (sweetly?)" But the former part of this statement must surely be understood with some reservation: probably Holinshed's narrative is here more accurate, who says "after diuerse songs solemnlie soong, they both ascended to the high altar, and were shifted from their robes, and had diuerse places open from the middle vpward, in which places they were anointed."

In his notice of the coronation feast, the MS. writer mentions the first course as being served "on dyshe of gold and an other of sylver all covered;" and adds, "me Lord Awderley, Kerver to the kyng all the dynner-time, and me Lord Scroop of Upsall, Cupberer. And so me Lord Lovell standing before the Kynge all the dynnertyme, and two squyers lying under the borde at the kyngs' fete."——"And then came in the second cowerse, and at the said cowerse, came rydng into the hall Sr Robt Dymoke the Kyng's Champion, and his horse trapyd wt whyt sylke and red, and hym selff in whyt harnesse, and the Herauldes of Armes standyng vpon a stage among all the co'pany; then came rydnge up before the kyng his champion, and there he declared before all the people, yf there be any man will say ageynst kyng Rychard the iij why he shoulde not p'tende the crowne, and anon all the people were in peace awhyle. And when he had all seyd, anon all the hall cryed Kyng Rychard all wt one voyce. And when this was done, anon one of the Lords brought unto this champion a cope full of red wyne, cov'd and so he toke the cope and uncov'd hym and drank thereof, and when he had done, anon he castes owte the wyne and cov'd the cope agayne and made his obesans to the Kynge, and turned his horsse abowt and rode through the hall wt the cope in his ryght hand, and that he had for his labor. The third course we are told "was so late that there might no servyce be served savyng wafers and ipocrace." Lights were then brought, the king and queen quitted the festal apartment, and the company dispersed.

The Double Dealer.—At a small place near London, a publican reared an opposition sign to that of an original house of entertainment of the village, and called it "The Two Bears." The landlord of the original house, passing the rival establishment one day, and seeing the master standing at the door, begged to be introduced to his partner. "Partner," said he, "I am on my own account." "Then more shame for you," retorted the other, "to set up business under the Two Bears, when there is only one of you."

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LASS OF RICHMOND *ILL.*

Upon a fence she leaned,
With her aching head reclined,
While her long, elf-locks escap'd her cap,
Danc'd gaily in the wind;
She thought of Barney's shop,
And the liquor she had drain'd,
And she shook her quart, but not a drop
Of the generous gin remain'd.

Her brain was in a whirl,
And her eyes were closely seal'd;
And as she clung to the topmost rail,
The old girl fairly reel'd;
Sore tatter'd was her frock,
And the mire on her heels lay thick;
'Twas strange, that after three half-pints,
She should be so very sick.

That morn when she left home,
Her dress was neat and new;
Who could have thought to have seen her then,
She would so soon be blue?
Strong, strong is Barney's gin,
It is brew'd in a smuggler's still;
No wonder, then, that it has made
The lass of Richmond *ill.*

ESSAY UPON LOVERS.

In an enlarged and strong mind, love does not make such havoc as in a weak one, not that it is less capable of loving, but because it has more resources. It certainly is the most powerful passion of the mind; and when there is not the capability of other pursuits, it often engrosses and destroys. To die for love is no proof of tenderness, but of stupidity of mind and obstinacy of temper. The narrower the mind, the more it is liable to be devoured by whatever predominates over it. If there were such a superabundance of tenderness that life itself must be the forfeit of its wounds, it would appear also on other occasions; but you may see people dying for love, who have not docility enough to submit to the correction of disappointment. In violent minds, love will be a violent passion, like the rest. Violent, ungovernable love shows the fury, not the tenderness of the disposition.

A furious man loves furiously; he can scarcely bear the object out of his sight, and is mad when he sees another enjoy that attention which he would himself engross. But in the midst of all his passion he thinks less of cherishing the object of it than of gratifying himself. He would not forego his love, though the misery of its object should ensue; nor has he any idea of giving a happiness of which he must not participate.

The phlegmatic love very rationally, and take plenty of time to consider whether every thing is proper and advisable, before they allow themselves to feel the warm emotion; and when at length they have gently and duly made up their minds to be in love, it is always with such prudent reserve, that, in case of any mishap, they soon recover, and are ready to love again as rationally and as coolly as ever.

The selfish and mean have their loves, and love with a thousand subterfuges and stratagems. It may readily be supposed, that those people would be soon appeased by a good jointure, for the loss of the beloved object.

The volatile and fickle will love more merrily a thousand times, and laugh themselves out of it, without remembering one for whom they have sighed. The sensual love a great many, but soon forget; they have no friendship in their love, because they hold no mental intercourse.

The morose love, and sometimes (for man is exquisitely various,) forget all their natural gloom, and become harmonized and tame, nay, sometimes ridiculously elated, but nature generally returns, and after marriage the gay plumage fades.

When a man of dissipation loves, it is often with more than ordinary tenderness and delicacy, because it must be something very exalted that can call home his wild imagination, and concentrate those feelings so much accustomed to wander. And this is the reason for which a reformed rake is said to make the best husband.

Men of business have generally little sentiment in love. They too often make their homes comfortable and secure, and therefore the mind of the lady is not often sufficiently considered. If she have a tolerable person, and especially if she have a tolerable fortune, they fancy they have made just such a bargain as they wished for, and consider it with nearly the same emotion as they consider any other matter in the way of trade.

The melancholy make the most romantic lovers, and use all quaint conceit of valuing trifles belonging to the object of their love, and are tediously interested about the smallest concern relative to the said divinity; which is always insipid and ridiculous to others. They love and despair, and love till they love despair itself, and fancy themselves ten times more in love than they really are. But this is an error common to all lovers.

The sanguine love very bountifully. They are not only liberal of their affection, but they generally ascribe perfection to the selected object. There is a continual animation in their passion, and those are the people who will quarrel and forgive a thousand times. The impetuosity of their emotions, however, renders them the victims of jealousy; and though they love deeply, they are apt to be troublesome, unless they meet with a mind as impassioned as their own. Yet, they beautify their tenderness with much sentiment, for they have so high an opinion of the object they love, or rather adore, that they think they can never address her too highly, or show her too much observance.

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SPRING.

BY ROBERT BERESFORD.

Spring,—gentle Spring! we meet thee
With sounds of living joy;
And all our bosoms greet thee
Without one fear's alloy:
Thy bloom anticipating,
We drink thy genial breath,—
While Winter's frosts, abating,
Release thy flow'rs from death!

Sweet o'er the hills we feel thee,
And in the valleys play,—
Though chilly night conceal thee,
The noon asserts thy sway:
The ice-bound shores releasing,
Thou open'st every stream,
Whose rushing floods, increasing,
With merry spirits teem!

Thy still soft power pervading
The heart of man, excites
(While from his mind unlading
Care's burden) true delights:
Hope in his soul is springing
Exultingly above,—
And with the birds, he's singing
Thy songs of peace and love!

FRAGMENT.

The ringlet was as soft and fresh a flowing,
As if it still were shadowing an eye
That flashed with light, and life, and love, showing
No stain or dimness on its glossy die.
It seemed as if it had by stealth been taken
From one that slept, and in a breath might waken.

Would that she might awake! but no, the seal
That death has dimly set, may not be broken,
Although each look and line may long reveal,
Of all we worship there, some tender token.
Yet still we look, and love, and watch, and weep,
And deem this changeless, cold composure, sleep.

Oh! would that this sweet tenant of the cave
Might but one moment re-appear to light,
And bless these eyes with that last look she gave,
Ere death had cast its dim and shadowy blight
Upon the radiant features; but alas!
She lies beyond that boundary none repass.

No more on her will light the smiles of love,
No more the voice of parent, sister, friend,
Or aught of all the accents, wont to move
Her heart to gladness, on her dreams descend—
No more the breaking morn or purpling eve,
Or thought of home, her spirits glad or grieve.

Still at her father's heart, the lisping child,
Will oft repeat, in sweet unconscious gladness,
Her sister's name, wondering that those who smiled
At that loved name, now look in silent sadness,
Giving to her inquiries no reply,
Except a startling tear, and deep-drawn sigh.

How came she to that solitary grave?
By treacherous wile, disease, or wan despair?
By gales or wreck, or pirate's flashing glave?
Where was her home, and who her kindred there?
Quick, melancholy questions ne'er will be
Solved by the incommunicable sea.

LINES.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

She lived a nun! No convent wall
Immured her—she was woman! All
That man in woman seeks! Not one
More fair, and yet she lived a nun!

She lived a nun for love? Her soul
Had met a kindred one. Her whole
Of wishes—hopes—the maid had given
To him who owned that soul—and Heaven!

She could not wed—was doomed to prove
The poet right: "The course of love
That's true, ran never even yet;"
Such lot the maid's true love had met!

She knew but love—she knew not sin;
The flame her bosom warmed,—within
A seraph's breast might burn—or claim
For child of earth a seraph's name.

And was the maid beloved again?
She was!—Beloved, alas, in vain.
Unblest he died! Unwed, though won,
The maid for love that lived a nun.

YANKEE LYRICS.

There is, in famous Yankee land,
A class of men, yclep'd tin-peddlers,
A shrewd, sarcastic band
Of easy meddlers.
They scour the country through and through,
Vending their wares, tin pots, tin pans,
Tin whistles, kettles, to boil or stew,
Tin cullenders, tin nutmeg graters,
Tin warming platters for your fish and 'taters!
In short—
If you will look within
His cart,
And gaze upon the tin
Which glitters there—
So bright and fair—
There is no danger in defying
You to go off without buying.

One of these cunning, keen-eyed gentry,
Stopp'd at a tavern in the country,
Just before night,
And call'd for bitters for himself, of course,
And fodder for his horse.
This done, our worthy wight
Informed the landlord that his purse was low,
Quite empty, I assure you, sir, and so,
I wish you'd take your pay
In something in my way.

Now Boniface supposed himself a wag—
And when he saw that he was suck'd,
Was not dispirited, but pluck'd
Up courage, and his trowsers, too!
Quoth he t' himself, "I am not apt to brag
'Tis true,
But I can stick a feather in my cap,
By making fun of this same Yankee chap.
Well, my good friend,
That we may end
This troublesome affair,
I'll take my pay in ware,
Provided that you've got what suits
My inclination."
"No doubt of that," the pedler cried,
Sans hesitation,
"Well, bring us in a pair of good tin boots."—
"Tin boots!" Our Jonathan espied
His landlord's spindle shanks,
And giving his good genius thanks
For the suggestion,
Ran out, return'd, and then—"by geles!"
"Yes, here's a pair of candle moles!
They'll fit you without question."

LIFE—ITS ALPHA AND OMEGA.

Life and death are blent together—
Sun and cloud in April weather;
Now one shines in heartsome gladness,
Now the other lowers in sadness;
Light upon a brilliant scene—
Shadows in a church-yard green.

Infants in your happy play
Thus you pass your life away,
Careless that the sport you follow
Cracks the skull, thick, old, and hollow,
Over which, with laugh so gay,
You make incessant holiday.

ODDS AND ENDS.

SELLING FOR CASH.—"Hallo, George!" bawled an awkward, rum-sucking six-footer the other day, to a boon companion, "I've sold BULL." "The deuce you have!" replied George. "Yes, I sold him for $60." "Whew! s'pose you'll be able to treat on the head of it?" "No, I didn't jist exactly sell for cash, but I got two other dogs in exchange, which is the same thing as cash, you know."

ON TICK—(To go on trust.)—The term is supposed to be a diminutive of *ticket*. Decker, in his "Gull's Horn Book," speaking of the gallants who go by water to the playhouse, says—"No matter upon landing whether you have money or no; you may swim in twenty of their boats over the river upon ticket."

ARTFUL QUESTION.—Dominico, the harlequin, going to see Louis XIV at Suyver, fixed his eyes on a dish of partridges. The King, who was fond of his acting, said, "Give that dish to Dominico." "And the partridges too, sire?" Louis, penetrating his art, replied, "And the partridges, too." The dish was gold.

A NEW SECT.—At the court martial lately held at Sheerness on Captain Hope, the following dialogue took place between one of the witnesses and the Court:—"Are you a Catholic?"—"No, sir." "Are you a Protestant?"—"No, sir." "What are you, then?"—"Captain of the foretop."

A MAN THERMOMETER.—Your thin spare man, (Cæsar's dread) is an excellent thermometer. Farenheit never constructed one that would better indicate the state of the temperature. If the weather is cold and frosty—he is irritable as a snapping turtle. Damp and cloudy—he is depressed, and shows that he has "the blues." Temperate and sunny—he is cheerful and lively. Your fat, pursy man is less susceptible, and seldom indicates the changes. The lean man is your true thermometer.

REVERSE OF FORTUNE.—A pot-boy, (aged about 40) in a certain tap-house, in London, being observed with a fit of the blue devils upon him, was asked the reason. "Ah, sir, I can't help thinking of what I once was. Although I am a pot-boy now, *I once was a dust-man!*"

QUOTED CRITICISMS FROM SHAKSPEARE.

MRS. DUFF.

A beauty-waning and distressed widow, even in the afternoon of her best days. *Richard III.*

Wrinkles in her brow of youth,
Turn all the mother's pains and *Benefits*
To laughter and contempt. *King Lear.*

I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost. *Winter's Tale.*

JAMES WALLACK.

And a' would about, and about; and come you in, and come you in. *Bounce*, would he say, *and away again would he go*, and *again would he come.* *2d Henry IV.*

A magician most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. *As You Like It.*

With a good leg and a good foot, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world. *Much Ado About Nothing.*

Now, no way can I stray, save back to England. *Richard II.*

CELESTE.

"What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?" *Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

"There was a speech in her dumbness—language in her very gesture." *Winter's Tale.*

"There was a star danced, and under that star was I born." *Much Ado About Nothing.*

"When you do dance I wish you were a wave of the sea, that you might ever do nothing but that." *Winter's Tale.*

HARRY ELLIOTT.

"Wherefore do you follow her with foggy south, *puffing* with wind and rain?" *As You Like It.*

"She is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty," *Merry Wives of Windsor.*

"I will not change my horse with any that treads.—Ca ha! he bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs. He is pure air and fire; and all other jades you may call—beasts. My horse is my mistress." *Henry V.*

TYRONE POWER.

"Are you a comedian? No!" *Twelfth Night.*

"To be merry, best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour." *Much Ado About Nothing.*

"I think there is no man speaks better Welsh." *1st Henry IV.*

"We have a Power in ourselves to do it, but it is a Power that we have no Power to do." *Coriolanus.*

MESSRS. MAYWOOD & CO.,
Managers of the Chestnut Street Theatre.

Eat, speak, and move under the influence of *the most received Stars.* *All's Well that Ends Well.*

Where is our usual manager of mirth? What revels are at hand? *Midsummer Nights' Dream.*

Let all the number of the *Stars* give light to thy fair way. *Antony and Cleopatra.*

Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore. *Winter's Tale.*

CONEY, THE DOG STAR.

The *dogs bark at me* as I halt by them. *Richard III.*

That dreadful *spout* which shipmen do the hurricane call. *Troilus and Cressida.*

If we meet in the city, we shall be *dog'd* with company, and our devices known. *Midsummer Nights' Dream.*

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EVERY BODY'S ALBUM;

COMPRISING

TALES, QUIPS, QUIRKS, ANECDOTES & FACETIÆ.

"I MUST BEGIN WITH RUDIMENTS OF ART."

In this age of refinement every body learns to dance. Men of three-score attempt to foot it featly; and great pot-bellied gentlemen frisk about with all the graceful elegance of a whale at play. The crack leader of our town, is Mons. A——. All his pupils learn to "snatch a grace beyond the reach of art," and some of them now and then fetch a fall, which sadly deranges the economy of their outward man. Old Mumps is just now in training for Miss B.'s fall parties, and to save him from topling over, he is secured in a foot-board.

A GRANDMOTHER'S FIRST LESSON.

"You see, Grandma, before you suck this egg, or more properly speaking, before you extract the matter contained within this shell, by suction, you must make an incision at the apex, and a corresponding aperture at the base." "Ay, dear, how very ingenious; they only used to make a hole at each end in my time: well, I declare, they are making improvements in every thing. The precocity of genius is wonderful."

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isn't places no more. Hand us over—give us thirty days; I doesn't want nothin else."

His request was complied with. Thus fell Cardinal Wolsey, and, like Wolsey, he did not long survive his disgrace, dying soon after of a broken spirit. His last aspirations were for a horn—the ruling passion strong in death—and it is said that in the dead watches of the night, a shadowy form, shaped like a trumpet, glides about the Court House, sighing forth—"*Charcoal by the bushel, charcoal by the peck*," in tones of unearthly melody.—*J. C. Neal.*

THE EXECUTION.

The following extract from the "Frenchman's story of the Revolution and its horrors," will serve to illustrate the descriptive powers of one of the editors of the American Monthly Magazine. The scene is the *Place de Greve*, where the guillotine was erected in permanence, with a *wagon load* of human beings about to be massacred:

"Among those, the most remarkable was a venerable old man, whose bent figure, thin white hair, high, wrinkled forehead, and withered complexion bespoke the extremity of age, yet his manners were firm, and he never forgot for a moment the calm propriety of his demeanour. By his side stood a woman, now no longer young; but retaining much of the beauty, and all the dignified elegance of former days. She stood erect, and supported without effort the arm of the old man, who leaned heavily on hers. The other rested on the neck of a fairy young girl—a mere child—not apparently more than ten years old, whose tear-swollen eyes were fixed on her mother's face, with sad and touching melancholy of childish grief. They spoke not much together; once, as the wagon stopped near where I stood, I heard the old man murmur words of patience and encouragement to his companion; as he spoke, she turned her eyes towards the child—she gazed on that young, fair face, and all a mother's love beamed in her eye—the trial was almost too great for her—her lip quivered—her face grew more deadly pale—but in a moment, by a strong effort, she banished from her look every appearance of weakness. She raised her eyes to heaven—her lips moved—and then, as if her prayer for fortitude had been instantly answered, she turned a bright and smiling look on the little innocent; smoothed back the curling hair that clustered around that lovely forehead, and the mother imprinted one long fond kiss on the brow of her child.

The wagon passed on, and I inquired the name of the victim whose appearance had so strongly interested me. It was Malesherbes—the honest and able Minister—the undaunted advocate—the kind and true friend of Louis Capet—accompanied by his daughter, the Marchioness Rocambo, and her child—about to die on the scaffold! But the child? surely they would not murder the child! And why not? The old man's crime was his innocence and purity of character—how then could the child escape?—The wagon was drawn up beside the guillotine, and all was soon ready for the first execution. Malesherbes stood nearest the steps; and was about to descend when a savage voice cried out, "The child first!" The old man would have remonstrated, but his child checked him—"'Tis but a moment, my father," said she, "'tis but a moment,"—she raised the child in her arms, and herself handed it to the executioner. The little creature, frightened by the savage looks of the man, cried out, "Don't leave me, mother—come with me—don't leave me." "I will not leave you, my child—I will be with you in a moment."—The child was pacified, and the mother turned towards her aged parent, and buried her face in his neck: he, too, bent forward, till his white hair flowed over her shoulders. Thus they saw nothing—yet they were so near that they must have heard the jerk of the string that loosed the ponderous axe—and its clatter as it fell. A strong shudder shook the frame of the mother: but when the executioner called out "now for the woman," she raised her placid face from her father's neck—looked fondly in his face—kissed his cheek—"For a brief moment, farewell, my father." She stepped with a light, firm tread from the wagon—mounted the scaffold, and in a moment she was with her child.

Malesherbes came next; he had summoned all his energies for the last scene in his life's drama, and he played it nobly. Never in the proudest days of his power had the minister looked or moved with loftier dignity. With a wave of the hand he repulsed the rude advance of one of the guard who would have assisted his descent from the wagon. Self-sustained, in body as in mind, he advanced slowly to the scaffold—even the fiends allowed the old man to place himself, almost unassisted on the platform. They would have bound him, but he gave a forbidding look—it was enough—the executioner retired—the plank was pushed forward—and for a moment the old man must have seen, in the basket below, the heads of his children. The additional pang, if it was one, was short—the executioner jerked the string, and all was over.

MORNING IN THE EAST.

Scenes of Hindostan.—However beautiful the awakening of nature may be in other parts of the world, its balmy delights can never be so highly appreciated as in the climes of the east, where its contrast to the subduing heat of burning noon renders it a blessing of inestimable value. The freshness of the morning air, the play of light and shade, which is so agreeable to the eye, the brightness of the foliage, the vivid hue of the flowers opening their variegated clusters to the sun, rife with transient beauty, for evening finds them drooping; the joyous matins of the bird, and the playful gambols of wild animals emerging from their dewy lairs, exhilarate the spirits, and afford the highest gratification to the lover of sylvan scenes. Every tree is tenanted by numerous birds; superb falcons look out from their lofty eyries, and wild peacocks fling their magnificent trains over the lower boughs, ten or twelve being frequently perched on the same tree. The smaller birds, the sparrowhawks, green pigeons, blue jays, &c. actually crowd the branches, the crow-pheasant whirrs as strange footsteps approach, and wings his way to deeper solitudes, while flocks of parroquets, upon the slightest disturbance issue screaming from their woody coverts, and, spreading emerald plumes, soar up until they melt into the golden sky above. At the early dawn, the panther and the hyena may be seen skulking along to their dens, the antelope springs up, bounding across the path; the nylghau scours over bush and briar, seeking the distant plain; the porcupine retreats grunting, or stands at bay erecting his quills in wrath at the intrusion; and innumerable smaller animals, the beautiful little blue fox, the civet with its superb brush, and the nimble mungoose, make every nook and corner swarm with life.—Gigantic herons stalk along the river's shores; the brahmanee ducks hover gabbling above, and huge alligators bask on the sand banks, stretched in profound repose, or watching for their prey.

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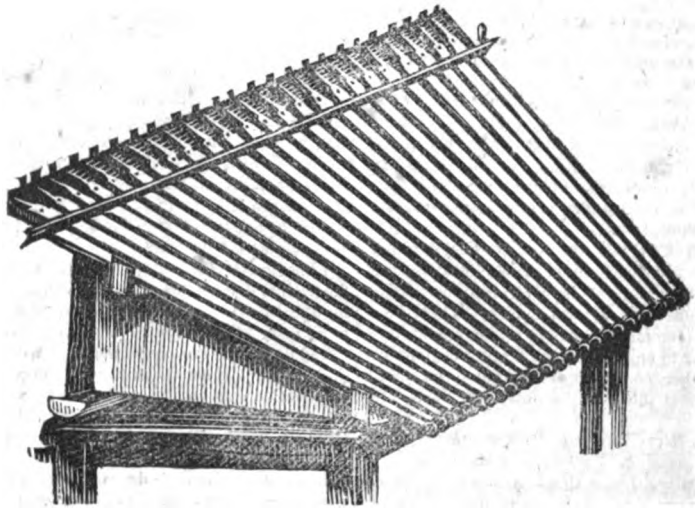
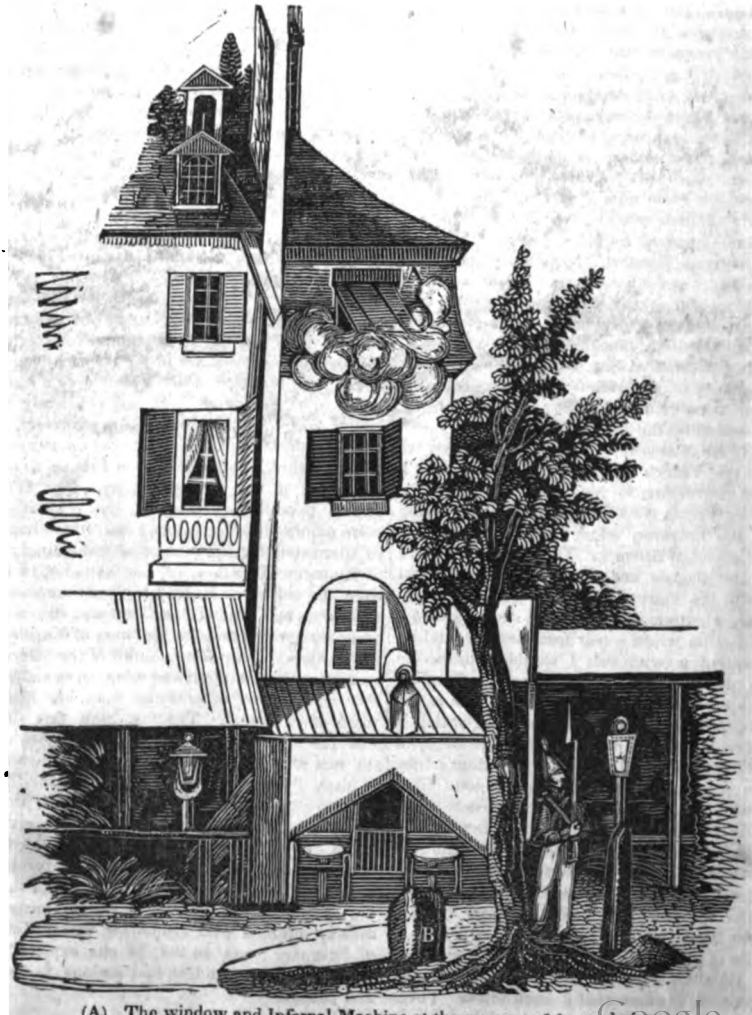
A VIEW OF THE INFERNAL MACHINE;

THE HOUSE FROM WHICH IT WAS FIRED, AND A PORTRAIT OF THE ASSASSIN GERARD.





(A) The window and Infernal Machine at the moment of the explosion.

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PORTRAIT OF GERARD.

This would-be King-killer met the doom he merited. The French Court of Peers, after a full and patient hearing, condemned him and two of his accomplices—Pepin and Morey—to death; and, in a few days afterwards, the sentence was executed by means of the guillotine. They all met their fate with firmness, and on the scaffold Gerard confessed the justice of his punishment. The annexed description is from an eye witness. The assassin had chosen a most favourable moment when Louis Philippe, in company with his sons, were reviewing the army in the Boulevards at Paris, on the 28th of February, 1834. The king of France, after having passed the full length of the Boulevard in front of the National Guards, was returning still in front of the troops with the view of taking his position in the place Vendome, where the troops were to defile before him, when at a few minutes after twelve, as he came opposite the Boulevard of the Temple, a little before the small theatre of the Funambule, we heard a tremendous explosion similar to the firing of a strong platoon. Several persons were struck dead—for a moment the shock was stupifying. Immediately, however, each individual thought of himself, and then of the king—he was on horseback, and apparently unharmed, as well as the princes—but what cruel destruction—what heart rending shrieks—and what unanimous indignation. Alongside of the king lay dead Marshal Mortier, the lieutenant colonel of the 8th legion, and several others; and on the other side of the Boulevard, opposite to the house from which the firing came, several National Guards, citizens, women, and children, lay wounded.

From this scene of horror, I entered the house from which the machine was fired. Here a scene equally horrible, but inspiring different feelings, met my sight. In a room in the second story the law officers were preparing their reports and receiving the depositions of the witnesses. In one corner of this room on a matress, half undressed, was stretched a young man whose head, horribly mutilated, was covered with bandages—he had a deep wound on the left side of his forehead, and his under jaw was badly shattered. He appeared to suffer dreadfully, and was unable to speak; by signs he gave to understand that he was dying of thirst, and that the current of air through the room was painful to him. It was pleasing to see the bystanders quell their exasperated feelings, and give to him the attention that humanity required. This was the author of all the horrors I had witnessed. He is a man of small size, and apparently from 32 to 34 years of age.

The room in the third story, where the machine was set up, is very small, not more than six to seven feet each way—the machine was solidly built, with great skill, having the ends secured with iron bindings; the uprights supported two cross pieces, placed parallel to the sill of the window.

Animated Description.—A late No. of the London Monthly Magazine, contains a very interesting article entitled "*The Colton Papers*"—papers of the unhappy and incomparable author of Lacon. In this article there is a most animated and picturesque description of the dreadful "days of July," when some thousands of the turbulent children of France devoted their lives to expel one of the Bourbons, and by a strange fatality placed another of the race, who was none the less a tyrant than the former, upon the vacant throne. We subjoin an extract:—

"The conflict now raged in the Place de Greve with increased violence. A cannon, pointed against a house at the corner of the quay (a wine shop,) would have razed it to the ground, the shore having been nearly shot away, had not a vigorous charge of the populace forced the royal troops to consult their safety by preparations for retreat. This they effected along the quay, firing by files and by plateons, succeeding each other with astonishing rapidity.—They were speedily reinforced by fresh troops of the royal guard and of the Swiss, together with a hundred curassiers, and four pieces of artillery, each of them escorted by twelve cannoniers on horseback.—With this terrible addition they again advanced on the Hotel de Ville, and a frightful firing recommenced on all sides. They succeeded in driving the citizens into the Rues de la Vannerié and du Mouton, and again entered into a possession of the Hotel de Ville. But they did not keep it long, for they were again attacked with a courage truly sublime and almost irresistible. Their artillery, now ranged before the Prefecture of the Seine and the Hotel de Ville, threatened death to thousands. The repeated charges of the curassiers were murderous, but the citizens did not give way. Immovable in their position, they expected and received death, with cries of *Vive la Liberte! Vive la Charte!* Their heroic and generous efforts proved fatal to many. The heaps of dead bodies showed a sensible diminution of the combatants; still the contest might be said to rage with desperate fury; the successive capturing and recapturing of the Hotel de Ville awakened the sanguinary reminiscences of Haugomont. But while every moment added to the confidence of the people, consternation began to be more and more visible even in the firmest battalions of France. It was in vain that discipline closed her serried files, or opened her chevaux de frise of bayonets only to give scope and efficiency to discharges of grape shot still more murderous. The Place de Greve, the Pont de Greve and the Pont Neuf, with the quays, were enveloped in one lurid cloud of sulphurous smoke, pierced by the flashes of the cannon, or the fulisade of the musket. The continuous tiaralage of the citizens filled up the pauses that intervened between the platoon firing of the troops and the sullen roar of the artillery. The Seine might now be said without a metaphor to "flow purple to the sea." The dead bodies of horses and soldiers were visible in its stream, carried down in a tumultuous mass to St. Cloud, shortly to announce to the royal tenants of its chateau the discomfiture of their proudest hopes, by the dismal evidence of this floating wreck."

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DRAMATIC ILLUSTRATIONS.

EDWARD, THE BLACK PRINCE; OR, THE BATTLE OF POICTIERS.

The Death of Mariana.—Act 5, Scene 5.

THE MOGUL TALE; OR, THE DESCENT OF THE BALLOON.

The Cobbler making love to his own Wife.—Act 2, Scene 2.

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surplus revenue in the treasury, but my own. It was my job to pay all the bills. Yes, it was always 'Salix, you know me'—'Salix, poney up at the bar, and lend us a levy.'—'Salix always shells out like a gentleman.'—Oh! to be sure, and why not?—now I'm shelled out myself—first out of my shop by old *venditioni exponas*, at the State House; old *fiery fash 'us* to me directed. But they didn't direct him soon enough, for he only got the fixtures. The goods had gone out on a bust long before I busted. Next, I was shelled out of my boarding house; and now, (with a lugubrious glance at his shirt and pantaloons,) I'm nearly shelled out of my clothes. It's a good thing they can't easily shell me out of my skin, or they would, and let me catch my death of cold. I'm a mere shell-fish—an oyster with the kivers off.

"But, it was always so—when I was a little boy, they coaxed all my pennies out of me; coaxed me to take all the jawings, and all the hidings, and to go first into all sorts of scrapes, and precious scrapings they used to be. I wonder if there isn't two kinds of people—one kind that's made to chaw up t'other kind, and t'other kind that's made to be chawed up by one kind?—cat-kind of people and mouse-kind of people? I guess there is—I'm very much mouse myself.

"What I want to know is what's to become of me. I've spent all I had in getting my eddication. Learnin', they say, is better than houses and lands. I wonder if any body would swap some house and land with me for mine? I'd go it even, and ask no boot. They should have it at prime cost; but they won't; and I begin to be afraid I'll have to get married, or list in the marines. That's what most people do, when they've nothing to do."

What became of Lanter Salix, immediately, is immaterial—what will become of him eventually is clear enough. His story is one acting every day, and, though grotesquely sketched, is an evidence of the danger of the *suaviter in modo*, when not tempered by the *fortiter in re*; or, in other words, that the softness of the "best-natured fellow in the world," requires a large admixture of hardening alloy.

FOUNDERED HORSES.

Commodore Porter, the American charge at Constantinople, writes to the editor of the Sporting Magazine, on the treatment of foundered horses, by a Turkish Veterinary Surgeon, as follows:—

I sent for a Turkish farrier, the one who attends the Sultan's horses. He immediately pronounced the horse foundered, and said he must be bled in the inside of the diseased leg. He put a nipper on his nose to keep him steady, then took up the left leg, and crossing it over the right, gave it to an attendant; he then stuck his lancet into the vein a little above the fetlock joint, and took from it about three pounds and a half of blood—the vein bled very freely. He now said he had taken enough; he then went to the very opposite side of the leg, and striking his lancet into a vein above the knee joint, a single drop of blood exuded, and both that and the first opened vein instantly ceased bleeding. There may be no novelty in this, but it certainly astonished me to find, that opening two veins in the same limb stopped both from bleeding, such however is the fact, for I witnessed it.

He desired that the horse should rest the next day, that he should then be rode with great violence until he was in a profuse perspiration, the diseased limb then to be rubbed with wet salt (to which I added a pint of hot brandy) then rubbed dry, and then walked about until cool, and all lameness from that time disappeared—the horse the third day was perfectly well.

A KENTUCKY STORY.

Myself and some three or four other gentlemen visited a pigeon roost, and carried with us the old hunter for a pilot. Upon our arrival, the old hunter cautioned us to be careful where and how we fastened our horses; for, said he, I visited this place some two or three years since, in company with six other gentlemen. We all had large, fine fat horses; when we arrived, I hunted for some time for a suitable place to fasten our horses; at last I found a beautiful grove of hickory grubs, to one of which I hitched my horse securely, and the balance of the company coming up, hitched theirs to grubs near by. We were then satisfied, having hitched our horses to the best possible fastening. We left them and went about diverting ourselves, killing pigeons and examining their roosts until morning. When we returned for our horses they had disappeared, and with them all that beautiful little grove of hickory grubs. We could not be mistaken in the place; the ground was very rich and loose, we could trace our horses to the very place where we had left them and no further; and they could not have walked off without our being able to face them. This strange disappearance of the horses and the hickory grove somewhat stumped us, and we, after a long consulation, all came to the conclusion that our horses, grubs and all, had taken wing, and flown away with the pigeons, and had just given up all search and hope of ever recovering them, and were about to start off on foot for home, when I heard a shaking of leaves over head. I looked up, and to our infinite surprise and satisfaction, there hung all our horses, in the very tops of the tallest hickory trees to be found in the woods." He said that the pigeons had settled so thickly upon the tree, that they had bent the top to the ground, the branches of which they had mistaken for hickory grubs, and hitched their horses to them. In the morning the pigeons had flown away and eased the tree of its burthen, when it rose up easily with its seven large horses. He said "that the bridles were all new, and of the strongest and best leather, they sent off for an axe, cut the tree down (by degrees of course,) and recovered all their horses in perfect safety, not the least injured, only, that the neck of each was stretched about a foot longer than usual." We took care not to fasten our horses to hickory grubs, so that when we returned for them we found them all safe on terra firma.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET

Is a very frequent punishment even at this day in the Austrian army. It consists in making the offender, who is naked to the waist, walk up and down a street formed of two rows of men, each of whom carries a switch of birch in his hand. The pace is left to the choice of the sufferer, who, however, generally prefers the ordinary marching time. The street of men is about 100 yards long, and consisting of two rows of 150 men in each, facing one another. The offences for which this terrible punishment is inflicted, are chiefly desertion and theft, though it may be ordered by court martial for other grave offences. For the first desertion the offender is generally made to pass four times up and four times down the street; for the second offence ten times, and this is the greatest number ever ordered. One hundred blows with the corporal's sticks, in the manner before described, is considered equivalent to running the gauntlet ten times. I mention this to show the severity of the ordinary every day punishment of 25 blows, which every captain of a company is authorised at any moment to order without report, or liability to be called to account. The colonel of the regiment, (not the lieutenant colonel) is the only officer who has authority to order the punishment of the gauntlet without a court martial, and he cannot order the offender to run more than three times down a street, formed of 100 instead of 150 men each side.

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WEDDED LOVE.

BY ROBERT WALSH.

We have somewhere seen the doctrine that love in the state of courtship is the true beatitude of this life; and to be desired, beyond any other fond relation even for a thousand years! The writer of those opinions could not have been married, or, at least, not experienced a wedlock even commonly fortunate, otherwise his own happiness would have taught him a different and juster theory.

In the conjugal union, love may lose some of its vivacity; it may be less vehement or rapturous: and the imagination, which, during courtship, commonly feeds, as it were, on nectar and ambrosia, and sports on a bed of roses, may become comparatively inert and sterile; but the pleasures of pure, intense sentiment, and boundless, mutual confidence, and the excitements of virtuous and tender hope, are infinitely multiplied.

Lord Verulam has truly said that marriage halves grief and doubles joy. It combines, in fact and transfuses existence for each party; it blends and identifies souls, so as to render common to them their several susceptibilities of gratification and refinement; it creates new energies, and generous sympathies; new objects of endearment and reliance; numberless reflected and reciprocated fervours of regard and respect.

But what gives it a superior character of inherent dignity and genuine enjoyment, is *the religious* essence peculiar to it; the conciousness of those who are suitably allied in it, that they have adopted a tie hallowed by divine sanction, and are fulfilling one of the noblest ends of existence.

The ecstacies of courtship are dashed by fears, jealousies, misapprehensions, which are unknown in wedded partners of sound minds and affectionate hearts.—With them, all is trust and security; their faith is beyond the sphere of temptation or accident; their adversity, if misfortunes come, has consolations derived from the most exalted sources; from the invisible and holy world, as well as the present chequered scenes of human action.

The qualified worship of an excellent fellow-being, natural and delightful as it is, involves something more rational and elevated, when the object is a wife or husband, than when it refers to a mere mistress or lover. In the first case, it associates itself with duty, and implies an esteem the more proper and grateful as accompanied by intimate knowledge.

In proportion, however, as marriage is of a sacred and permanent nature, producing weighty obligations, and liable to special and severe cares or calamities, ought it to be cautiously, and deliberately, and piously contracted. It is not to be viewed or anticipated as a merely halcyon career, rich as it often is in smiling prospects and auspicious events, and serene as it may be rendered in all that the human creature can control. A childish *penchant*, a calculation of convenience, a momentary caprice, form no warrant for it; though they be so frequently the only incentives.

Such a bond requires matured and discriminating attachment; comprehension of its good and evil; resignation to all the chances. But he or she who has the right intelligence, feeling, and yet avoids it, yielding to selfishness or cowardice, sins against the designs of Providence, and loses the final rewards of courageous and successful trial.

It was a favourite remark of Lord Lyttleton, the younger, that marriage is a lottery, and that, of course, it is as preposterous to rejoice at a wedding, as it would be to exult in purchasing a ticket for the State-wheel.

According to the same questionable authority, all epithalamiums are, therefore, at least premature in their usual strain: the adventurer in the connubial scheme should ascertain that he has drawn a prize, before he indulges himself in self-gratulation, or welcomes the greeting of his friends. The analogy is not, however, exact—because it is in the power of the bridal parties to determine their own fate, in a material degree. Life itself might be equally styled a lottery, looking to the diversity of its chances and the incertitude of its incidents; but it is, nevertheless, a positive blessing with well constituted minds and healthful frames. So, likewise, is marriage, which should be undertaken as life is accepted, with stronger expectation of weal than wo;—with bright visions and cheerful resolutions; but, also, with a spirit of philosophical or christian submission to whatever Providence may ordain to its course. The Greeks made Hymen descend from Apollo, Urania, or Calliope. This origin from the fountain of harmony and light and the two noblest of the muses, illustrates or shadows forth the true character of the espousals over which the garlanded god waves his never-dying torch, and sheds his celestial influence.

SINGULAR SYSTEM OF DUELLING.

On the borders of Austria and Turkey, where a private pique, or quarrel of a single individual, might occasion the massacre of a family or village, the desolation of a province, and perhaps even the more extended horrors of a national war, whensoever any serious dispute arises between two subjects of the different empires, recourse is had to terminate it to what is called "the custom of the frontier." A spacious plain or field is selected, whither, on an appointed day, judges of the respective nations repair, accompanied by all those whom curiosity or interest may assemble. The combatants are not restricted in the choice or number of their arms, or in their method of fighting, but each is at liberty to employ whatever he conceives to be most advantageous to himself, and avail himself of every artifice to insure his own safety, and destroy the life of his antagonist. One of the last times that this method of deciding a quarrel on the frontiers was resorted to, the circumstances were sufficiently curious, and the recital of them may serve to illustrate what is mentioned. The phlegmatic German, armed with the most desperate weapon in the world—a rifled pistol mounted on a carbine stock, placed himself in the middle of the field; and, conscious that he would infallibly destroy his enemy, if he could once get him within shot, began coolly to smoke his pipe. The Turk, on the contrary, with a pistol on one side and a pistol on the other, and two or more in his breast, and a carbine on his back, and a sabre by his side, and a dagger in his belt, advanced like a moving magazine, and galloping round his adversary, kept incessantly firing at him. The German, conscious that little or no danger was to be apprehended from such a marksman with such weapons, deliberately continued to smoke his pipe. The Turk at length perceiving a sort of little explosion, as if his antagonist's pistol missed fire, advanced like lightning to cut him down, and was almost immediately shot dead. The wily German had put some gunpowder into his pipe, the light of which his enemy mistook, as the other had foreseen would be the case, for a flash in the pan; and no longer fearing the superior skill and superior arms of his adversary, fell a victim to them both when seconded by artifice.

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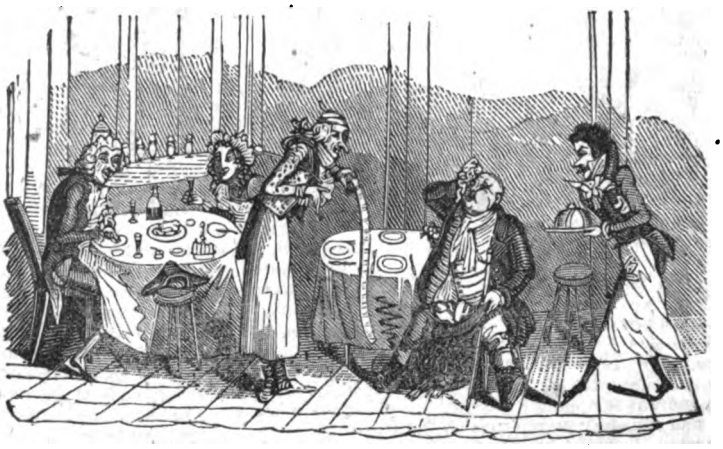
MONSIEUR NONGTONGPAW;

OR, AN ENGLISHMAN'S FIRST VISIT TO PARIS.



John Bull from England's happy isle,
Too bold to dread mischance,
Resolved to leave his friends awhile,
And take a peep at France.

He nothing knew of French, indeed,
And deem'd it jabbering stuff;
For English,—he could write and read,
And thought it quite enough.

Shrewd John, to see, and not to prate,
To foreign parts would roam;
That he their wonders might relate
When snug again at home.

Arrived at Paris with his dog,
Which he for safety muzzled,
The French flock'd round him all agog,
And much poor John was puzzled.

He went into a tavern straight,
Where viands smoked around;
And, having gazed at every plate,
He sat in thought profound.

Stews, hashes, fish, and rare *roti*,
Were seen in plenty great;
And calipash, and calipee,
Oh! what a glorious treat!

He ask'd who gave so fine a feast,
As fine as e'er he saw;
The landlord, shrugging at his guest,
Said, "Je vous n'entends pas."

"Oh, Monsieur Nongtongpaw!" said he;
"Well, he's a wealthy man,
And seems disposed, from all I see,
To do what good he can.

"A table set in such a style,
Holds forth a welcome sign;"
Then added he with eager smile,
"With Nongtongpaw I'll dine."

Then to the Palais Royal, on
He trudg'd with honest Tray;
"Whose house is this," said curious John,
"So spacious and so gay?"

A Frenchman, as he gaped around
With wonder and with awe,
Salutes him with the former sound—
"Eh! Je vous n'entends pas."

"Hah, hah!" says John, "Is this his place?
Why, surely he's the King?—
How high is he in Fortune's grace,
Who owns so vast a thing!"

He rambled next to Marli's height,
Versailles' grand scene to view;
He look'd about with great delight,
The objects all so new.

He much admired the builder's plan,
And much admired the style;
And wondered much what happy man
Was lord of such a pile;

And seeing near, in ragged plight,
A boy who begged a sous;
He turn'd, and ask'd the little wight
If he the owner knew.

The fellow staring, scratch'd his head,
And idly stretch'd his jaw—
At length to John, in answer said—
"Eh! Je vous n'entends pas."

"What! this, too, his!" exclaims John Bull,
"His riches have no end!
I wish my pockets were as full;
Would I had such a friend!"

Strolling along another day
To feast his eager eyes,
A lady passed him young and gay,
He stood in fixed surprise

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Her tasty glove, of kid so white,
Clock'd stockings, and laced shoe,
Her glossy ringlets falling light,
All shared John's eager view.

Struck by her charms, he ask'd her name
Of the first man he saw,
From whom, with shrugs, no answer came
But "Je vous n'entends pas."

"The girl, too, Nongtongpaw's!" says he,
Then cast a tender glance—
"I'm right, this Nongtongpaw must be
The greatest man in France."

Soon after came a footman by,
In livery rich and gay,—
Such splendour caught John's curious eye,
Who to himself did say:

"What dashing fellow have we here,
With hat and coat so fine?
No doubt, his master gives good cheer
With plenty of good wine."

Then looking down, he saw both hands
Were full of tempting game;
Pleased with the sight, our traveller stands
And asks from whom they came?

But "Je vous n'entends pas" again
Was all that he could draw,
Which raised new wonders in his brain
At this great Nongtongpaw.

A shepherd with his flock he spied,
The sheep were fat and large,
And well the shepherd seem'd to guide
And watch his fleecy charge.

John stood awhile to feast his eyes,
And ask'd now this, now that,
The shepherd stared in great surprise,
And humbly doff'd his hat.

Then John with earnest looks began
To ask whose flock he saw,
At length, he heard the poor old man
Cry "Je vous n'entends pas."

"Why, what the deuce," our hero cries,
"Are these, too, Nongtongpaw's?
Why surely all that meet his eyes
He gets within his claws."

An infant train then comes in view,
And fills his heart with joy,
He gazes with affection true,
And pats a smiling boy.

He asks the nurse, but asks in vain,
Whose pretty brood appears,
But "Je vous n'entends pas" again
Assails his wondering ears.

In Paris now he takes his way
Through all the grandest streets,
And seems amused with all they say,
And smiles on all he meets.

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A splendid carriage there he sees
That four fine horses draw,
"But say, whose coach, whose steeds are these?"
"Eh! Je vous n'entends pas."

"Well!" honest Bull, astonished cries,
"I'm surely in a trance;
On Nongtongpaw what fortune pours!
He must be King of France."

Next day, to view a vast balloon,
The folks came far and near,
To see it start John hurried soon,
For every sight was dear.

O'er heads upraised in many a row,
Well pleased John look'd about,
Till up it went, then all below
Sent after it a shout.

He ask'd a woman on the ground,
Who paid for the balloon?
But "Je vous n'entends pas," he found,
Was still the only tune.

Says he, "I now don't wonder, Dame,
To find 'tis his balloon,
For sure this Nongtongpaw can claim
All that's beneath the moon."

Then he beheld a train of cooks,
Whose head rich dishes bear;
With a keen appetite he looks,
And longs to have a share.

He sniffs, and sniffs, and sniffs again,
His senses to regale,
And licks his lips, and smacks again,
So strong the fumes assail.

He asked an antiquated belle,
Who viewed him with surprise,
For whom were meant, if she could tell,
Those meats, ragouts, and pies?

But "Je vous n'entends pas," he heard,
When he the host would know.
"Ay! Nongtongpaw," says he, "'s the word
For all things good below."

At last he saw a hearse pass by,
And to the sexton said,
His bosom heaving with a sigh,
"Pray who, my friend, is dead?"

The man the self-same answer made
As all had done before—
John heaved another sigh, and said,
"Is then thy grandeur o'er?

"I envied thee thy worldly state;
Alas! I little knew
The malice of approaching fate—
Poor Nongtongpaw, adieu!"

Then pondering o'er the untimely fall
Of one so rich and great,
Reflections deep his mind appal
On man's uncertain state.

For though in manners he was rough,
John had a feeling heart;
So thought he now had seen enough,
And homeward should depart.

Besides, he panted to relate
All that he heard and saw,
The pride, the pomp, the wealth, the fate
Of mighty Nongtongpaw.

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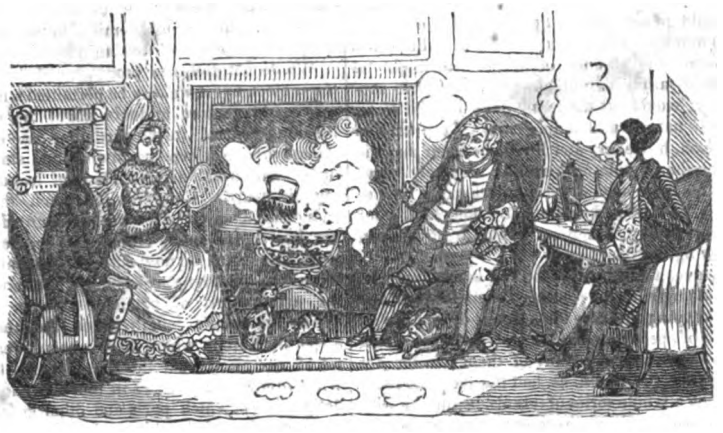
Bound swiftly by a favouring gale,
He reached his native ground,
And to surprise them with a tale,
He calls his friends around.

They hear it all with silent awe,
Of admiration full,
And think that next to Nongtongpaw,
Is the great traveller Bull.



THE GIPSY CHIEF.

Years have done their work upon the once stately castle of the Barons of Nachstein; from donjon to battlement the destroyer has been busy. Where the high born and beautiful listened in blushing rapture to the whispered love of the high born and the brave, owls have their abiding place, undisturbed, save by the fierce blast that find entrance by a thousand rents in the massive masonry. But though the castle is a gray and desolate ruin, and the last lord of the lordly race by whom it was tenanted for long ages, and defended against a thousand foes, has for more than a century lain as powerless as the meanest of his whilome vassals, the story of the fearful revenge which smote even his stern heart with a mortal pang, is remembered as freshly as though it related to the present day; and not a peasant in the neighbourhood fails to tell it with good emphasis and discretion to all those who are curious and courteous enough to listen to it in due silence, and with the due number and propriety of marvelling gesticulations.

Like many other gentlemen, both before his time and since, the Lord of Nachstein was of a somewhat "winning" turn in his earlier manhood; moreover, he not only believed that "Jove laughs at lover's perjuries," but he was also very strongly inclined to the opinion that his godship could by no means find a fitter subject on which to bestow his cachinatory contempt. And, accordingly, he vowed away at a great rate whenever he found a fair damsel inclined to take his vows for sooth; and lifted up his lordly brows in puzzled admiration whenever he was inconveniently reminded that he had vowed, and was solicited to perform his promises.

To many a rustic "Evelyn's bower" did this invariably "false lord" carry his "false vows," and by many a maiden were his eloquent falsities believed—and by precisely as many maidens were they in due time discovered to be indeed all "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

The last of the very many known amours of the baron was productive of much annoyance to him, and not of little peril; for the deceived damsel was as high-spirited as she was beautiful, and instead of quietly sitting down to break her own heart—an operation which divers and sundry novelists opine to have so much attraction for unhappy ladies—she tried with exceeding good-will to break the heart of her deceiver.

The world—that is to say several hundred persons resident within a few miles of the Castle of Nachstein—was favoured with a full, true, and particular account of her wrongs; the Baron could neither walk nor ride even upon his own demesne without encountering his fair annoyance; and, at length the rather more serious argument of a bullet was addressed to him with such effect as to confine him to his chamber for many long weeks.

When he once more appeared abroad, Marguerite, the deserted and inveterate lady who had caused him so "much annoy," had altogether disappeared. Now there is nothing more provocative of speculation than this disappearance. If our friends would but demonstrably do *felo de see*, we could duly grieve for them, and in due time have just as hearty appetites, joyaunt times, and merry tales, as though said friends had never been in existence at all; or, at least, had departed life in the regular medicinal routine. But utterly to *disappear*,—to leave no trace of the way they have taken in the world or out of it,—to allow us vainly to search from the bottom of the deepest fish-pond to the summit of the most gigantic trees,—allow us, just as vainly to ask all sorts of questions of all sorts of people, from the youngest urchin to that inevitable bore, "the oldest inhabitant,"—to allow us to put to all this multifarious annoyance by simply disappearing, is, to say the least of it, exceedingly unfeeling of our friends, whose own experience ought to tell them that it is much pleasanter to be able to speak positively of a simple matter of hanging or drowning, than to be obliged to confess our want of knowledge of the whereabout of a mere "Disappeared."

Perhaps, however, there is something of a shrewd policy in people thus merely disappearing, especially if they have any particular fondness for being much and long talked about. For whereas persons who are unquestionably dead and buried are soon forgotten, those who have simply disappeared under mysterious circumstances, rarely fail to hold their places in the public attention for a considerable time, as will be evident to all those of our readers who remember how for five long years gossips talked, and our friends the newspapers affirmed and contradicted, regretted to say, and begged distinctly to deny, in the matter of a certain wild wag, who was all the while living a very jovial life at Paris;—neither gossips nor newspapers *now* saying a syllable about him, though scarcely a dozen moons have waxed and waned since his actual death and burial.

When the Baron once more made his appearance,

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FIT TO INSTRUCT HER YOUTH.

Some how or other, these teachers of music have such a winning way with them, that, to a maiden of bashful fifteen, they are irresistible. While ma is slumbering to the tune of "Still so gently," the theme is changed to "Maid, those bright eyes," and an *ad libitum* movement is commenced, which results in a *fortissimo* smack that might awaken the dead, or any one except an old lady after a hearty dinner. Miss Penelope stands it like a heroine—she's not easily frightened, but continues rattling away on the keys, to prevent suspicion, and in a most masterly manner extemporises an accompaniment to a kissing duet, which she considers infinitely more amusing than *La Mia Donabella*, or any other fancy composition whatever.

The result is obvious—the lady will soon be missing, and as she is rich—an only daughter—the man of crotchets and quavers will shortly be in a condition to live on his means, if his European wife does not take it into her head to cross the ocean and spoil the sport.

A FRIEND IN-KNEED.

"Thank you, Mr. Tims; here's your very good health. Your liquor's amazing good, and your legs, I see, are as fond of each other as ever. No getting them knees apart, I reckon."

"Look you, Mr. Stubbs, you may think that a joke, but I don't. My legs are my own, and I won't have 'em laughed at. Look at your own horrid bones, and never mind other people's."

"You're for fight, are you? Very well, let's go at it as soon as you like, and we'll see which is the better—bow-legs or knock-knees."

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their former length, and all their former beauty, Eustache—who has inherited the princely fortune of his Brazilian uncle, and replaced, with sparkling gems, the gold cross and ear-rings she formerly sacrificed for his sake—protests that his beloved wife never looked so fair in his eyes as when the short, thick curls mantled closely round her slender neck, exhibiting a silent but affecting record in his eyes of her errand of womanly mercy to the HAIR-MARKET OF EVREUX.

CUTTING A SPLASH;

OR, RETURNING HOME AFTER A SHOWER.

What a glorious climate is ours. What delightful diversities of weather; what agreeable alterations of atmosphere; what charming changes of clothing are we constantly subject to. To-day the sun rages and "Sirius is mad;" to-morrow a cold north-easter requires the protection of an overall; next day the rain falls in torrents, and on the following there is a refreshing hail-storm. No wonder we are such a hearty, robust people; no wonder fevers and agues are unknown among us; no wonder we suffer so little. Bravo—the United States!

Samuel Simpkins is a comfortable citizen. He has his chop daily, and his standing rib of a Sabbath; and once in a fortnight he indulges himself with a pint-bottle of Sherry. He has accumulated something pretty from his earnings, and he is not unwilling, in a reasonable way, to enjoy it. Mrs. Samuel Simpkins has a passion for display. She loves to excel her neighbours in every thing. If they procure new articles of furniture, her house must instantly be renovated. If they appear in new dresses, straightway she goes to the mantua-maker. She has also a penchant for pedestrianism, and of a fine afternoon she may be seen promenading Chesnut street in all the pride of conscious excellence.

The recent spell of rainy weather was a sad damper to Mrs. Samuel Simpkins. For more than a fortnight she was immured in her house, as close as a Nun in a convent. Her feet, as she prettily expressed it, had become as stiff as sole leather for want of use; and she might just as well have no clothes as to have no chance of showing them. Her Leghorn she had worn but once; her painted muslin dress had not lost its first folds; and the lace cape, for which she paid a price that made even the good-natured Mr. Simpkins look grave, had never adorned her shoulders. Every morning did Mrs. Simpkins note the indications of the weather; every morning did she anxiously consult the weathercock that flourished on the chimney-top of her opposite neighbour; and every morning the eternal north-east, with its accompanying drizzle, made her almost cry with vexation. Happy woman was Mrs. Samuel Simpkins when at length she espied a gleam of sunshine. Instantly she determined to enjoy it; and her loving spouse was solicited to "fetch a walk." Decked in her gayest apparel, while Samuel sported his new white panties, forth sallied the comfortable couple, attended by a train of little Simpkinses. Chesnut street was traversed from its eastern to its western boundary; Second street was explored; and the depth of divers confectionaries even fathomed. Never had Mrs. Simpkins been more gratified with an excursion. But alas! pleasure is never allowed to be perfect. Just as our party were returning, full fraught with satisfaction and sugar-candy, the rain began to fall in torrents, and before Mrs. S. could obtain a friendly shelter the glory of her apparel had departed. The Leghorn flapped its wings in dismay, while a stream of thick, unctuous paste, flowed upon the splendid lace cape, and stiffened it with the starch extracted from the bonnet. The new dress hung shapeless about the limbs of its portly wearer, and covered were the shoes and stockings of the matron with an unseemly coat of mud. Even the equanimity of Mr. Samuel Simpkins was disturbed; and as a loose brick, upon which he trod, threw upon his nether garments a mass of filth, he was heard to utter a naughty oath, whereat he himself shuddered.

Since that unlucky day Mrs. Samuel Simpkins has not ventured across her threshold. The weather, she says, is like a dandy, not fit to be trusted; and she is endeavouring to persuade her good man to remove to the "far west," where, as she has been told, there is nothing but sunshine. "It's not very agreeable, to be sure," as she safely remarks, "to have our brains knocked out by a rumpussing Indian, but even that's better than living in a place where the city councils can't manage the weather. If people have to pay taxes they ought to be taken care of, and not have their clothes spoiled before they have had a chance of showing them." As for her part, she don't mean to submit to it, no how: especially as the seats are taken from Franklin Square, upon which she used to sit occasionally after her rambles.

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A HUNTER IN A CRITICAL SITUATION.

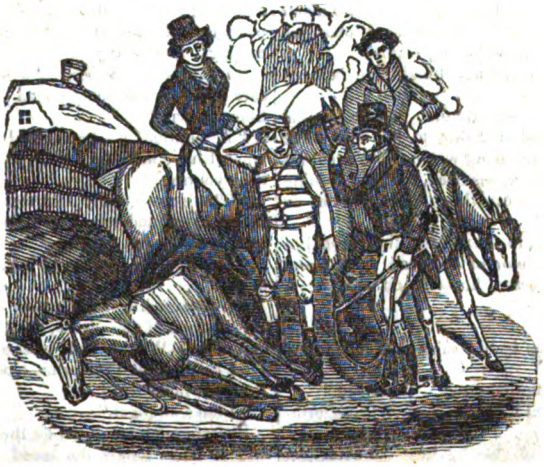
Hark forward! Nimrods of the chase,
Through bush and briar, hedge and thicket;
Look danger boldly in the face,
"With neck or nothing!" that's the ticket!

Your horse's ardour never check—
Dash on, with spirit unabated;
Who cares a fig for broken neck,
Or leg and shoulder dislocated?

Go it, my tight one! here's a leap!
None than my prad could e'er go faster;
But, hang it, up this awkward steep,
I'll surely meet some dire disaster!

Come, take your leap, and never stop,
Though those are awkward places, rot 'em!
I'll lay a bet you'll reach the top,
And very shortly find the bottom.

MORTALITY; OR, IN AT THE DEATH.



What heart from sorrow can refrain
At the sad spectacle before us!
Ah, never shall that nag again
Follow the fox-hounds in full chorus.

With all his blood and all his bone,
He, spite of his illustrious backers,
Must (all his sporting prowess done)
Be carried lifeless to the knacker's.

Horses are mortal! so we learn,—
That they, like men, must have their day.
It is but meet we show concern
When contemplating their decay.

Never again o'er five-bar gate
Shall he triumphantly be dashing;
And you, *kind* master, mourn his fate—
He never more will feel your lashing.

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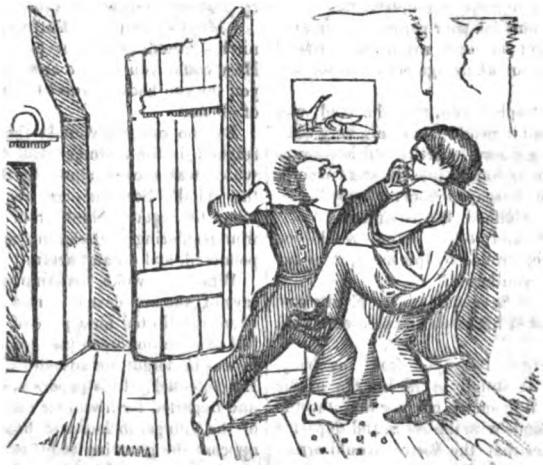
The persons who believed in the metempsycosis, and the power that certain spirits possess of abandoning their bodies, were visited with terrible consequences; and for a long time after, the old women of Rejesch, struck with terror, seized the cross whenever it was read in their presence.

Tradition is silent as to the true termination of this extraordinary adventure; however in one of the neighboring hamlets, they pretended that the instant the chirurgeon touched the body with his knife, the soul of John Louis entered forthwith into the body, which started bolt upright, and took to its heels. Sevastianitch, who was present, and who had not forgot the fifty roubles, ran after it, and followed it for a long time from village to village, bawling aloud, "Stop the defunct! Stop the defunct!"

In another place, they state that even in this times, when Sevastianitch makes his libation (which he religiously does every night) the dead man comes to him, and invariably says, "Ivan Sevastianitch, oblige return me my body, or tell me when you will make it to me."

Sevastianitch always returns the same answer—"They have all the information concerning your affair." This continued for more than twenty years, and like most cases when they get into a judicial tribunal, the disembodied spirit had little prospect of obtaining justice until the day of judgment.

AN AGREEABLE PLAYMATE.



While your wife is confined to bed, send for a neighbour's boy to play with your own, and keep him out of mischief—discover, on your return, that the two hopefuls had quarrelled, and from comedy got to tragedy—and have the satisfaction of finding your "heir apparent" with his eyes blackened, and his nozzle as large as a sheep's.

JEMMY GREEN TAKING HIS FIRST LESSON.

Over the hills and far away—spite of wind and weather—
Rough—smooth—whate'er the way—on we'll dash together.

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A BALLAD.

FROM THE "PILGRIM OF LOVE," BY J. GRAHAM.

Oh! dark is the spell which has bound her to sleep,
A daughter of earth, in a home of the deep;
Yet bright is the cavern, o'er-arched by the green
Of the billow where sleepeth the Ladye Undine.

Long ages ago a fair maiden was she,
Who grew like a flower beside the deep sea;
Till the water-sprite saw her, and snatched her to dwell
Below, like a pearl in its palace of shell.

Oh! cold is the beauty, and chill is the light
In the passionless eyes of the pale ocean-sprite;
And his voice, like the music of sleep, never stirs
With its echo the lip which he bendeth to hers.

His thick-falling hair, like the brown ocean-weed,
Hung down, yet the lovely one nothing did heed;
And not one poor kiss could the water-sprite glean
From the ripe ruddy lip of the Ladye Undine.

So in that lone cavern he lull'd her to sleep,
And barr'd up its gate with the bolt of the deep;
And swore that a slumber unwaking should dim
The eye that had scornfully frowned upon him.

Bright shapes are around her, and all the day long
Her grotto is rife with the mermaiden's song;
But the water-sprite comes like a vision to lean,
All night o'er the couch of the Ladye Undine.

That spell, says the legend, no longer shall be,
When the brave meets the beautiful under the sea;
Yet seek not the trial, it warningly saith,
For if love is the guerdon, the forfeit is death.

But fond youth is fearless, and many have tried
To win the fair maid of the sea for their bride;
Many sought, many seek her, but no one has seen
A lover return from the Ladye Undine.

YANKEE NOTIONS.

STEVENSON.

Some sixty years ago, e'er we began to cut a show,
Or into Independence thought of starting, oh!
British rulers did decree that we their slaves should be,
But that was—all my eye and Betty Martin, oh!

They were horribly in debt, it made them fume and fret,
For they found that their last guinea was departing, oh!
So they said they'd make a raise, by stamps and other ways,
But that was—all my eye and Betty Martin, oh!

On paper, pepper, *tea*, they declared a tax should be,
Of three pennies every pound for sartain, oh!
But the Bostonites, with glee, to old Davy pitch'd the tea,
So that was—all my eye and Betty Martin, oh!

They sent out their ships, with halters and with whips,
And swore for this, their bodies should be smarting, oh!
But the Yankees faced about—the red coats put to rout,
So that was—all my eye and Betty Martin, oh!

Cornwallis next came out, like a bear he danced about
And to hang us all by dozens, made quite sartain, oh!
But Lafayette awake—he hook'd him in a shake,
And made him—all my eye and Betty Martin, oh!

Uncle Georgy in a rage, swore éternal war to wage,
When he found from eighty millions he'd been parting, oh!
But brave Washington and Lee swore the states they should be free,
So the war was—all my eye and Betty Martin, oh!

BALLAD.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

The Sun looks down on all his flowers,
The faded and the fair;
The sun hath gilt the crested east,
And shineth here and there;
He peeps into all casements,
And chambers every one;
What news of bonny Margaret,
Thou bright and merry sun?

Hast thou seen her at her lattice,
Where she welcomes thee with smiles
That make the world more lightsome
Than all thy sunny miles?
There's a linnet at her window,
And fresh flowers by the pane;
But ye'll know her by her merry look
That welcomes thee again.

Oh, Sun! thou hast a throne in heaven,
And robes of kingly hue;
But most I envy thy far sight
To look the wide world through;
Thou peepest in all casements,
And chambers every one—
What news of bonny Margaret's,
Thou bright and merry sun?

Alas! for bonny Margaret's,
Since e'er it oped to sin;
There's tears hung forth on gossamers,
And faded flowers within;
I sought her with a glance of gold
To bid her forth and shine,
But alas! her eyes were pale and dim,
And gave no light to mine!

Her hair adown, her shoulders white,
Hung wild with strange neglect,
And all her snowy linens fine
Had lost her hand's respect;
And then she pluck'd her jewels off,
And cast them on the floor;
"Lie there where all my tears do lie,
For you have made them pour.

"Your light was of the devil's eyes,
And falsely dazzled mine;
And now the sun looks down from heaven—
I cannot bear his shine!
The moon so fair, and stars so bright,
Reprove my tarnish'd fame;
Ah! nothing but the dark of death
Can hide me from my shame!"

BREATHE, BREATHE, MY HARP

SONG IN THE MASK OF TASSO.

Air—"*Drink to me only.*"

Breathe, breathe, my harp, that melting strain,
That Love delights to hear!
Still, still, my heart, those sounds retain,
To early feelings dear!
Transported by their magic pow'r,
To distant years I fly,
And live again each blissful hour,
Ere sorrow waked the sigh.

Farewell! farewell! for ever fled
The hearts that held me dear!
Wreathe, wreathe with garlands, pale and dead,
The darkly passing year!
My sun is set, my hope is past,—
I mourn the *night of mind;*
Come, death, come, sorrow's friend! at last
Thy victim bows resign'd.

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DRAMATIC ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CURFEW; OR, THE NORMAN BARONS.

Florence, disguised as a Page, suing protection from Robert.—ACT 2, SCENE 3.

THE VILLAGE LAWYER; OR, THE CLIENT TOO CUTE FOR HIS COUNSEL.

Sheepface responding to Scout for his legal advice.—ACT 2, SCENE 1.

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intent," waiting anxiously for the coming of the object of their hopes and wishes. We pleaded hard that twenty or thirty minutes law should be given him. But no; the hounds were to be slipped upon him the moment he started. The basket was set down, and the lid lifted; when I observed that the fox was attached, by a chain to the inside (which would have somewhat deranged my plan of upsetting the basket upon the landes) and he was so fierce that they could hardly untie it. To accomplish this they let him get half way out of the basket, and then squeezing the lid down on him, they, with less danger from his teeth, managed, after having, I have no doubt, broken at least two or three of his ribs, to give him freedom. But to my astonishment they had resolved to make a dandy of him; and for that purpose had adorned his neck with a huge collar, with loads of small bells attached to it. This was horrid. In fact he only wanted a tea canister to his tail to complete his costume. The chain being unloosed, he went off in great style, his bells jingling like those of a post horse; and before he had made a hundred yards, away went the dogs after him. No sooner had the dogs started than all the French party galloped off, not after them, but before them; forgetting or unconscious that the most beautiful and intellectual part of a fox hunt is that when the dogs, either having met with a check, display their sagacity and tact in recovering what the French call the *quete*, and having succeeded, send forth the heart-stirring and joyous notes which tell us of the fact; or when, with their heads no longer at the earth, they shy along, breast high, causing the woods to ring again, and seeming to repeat the words of the old song—

"Follow who can—oh then! oh then!"

Breaking from the patch of wood, to which he had made at first, he was headed in the next alley into another division; and thus it continued for about twenty minutes out of one square into another; until at last being driven into a corner and mobbed, he was either killed by the dogs or frightened to death by the hubbub. I think the latter must have been the cause of his death; for when I came up to the spot, I found him seemingly uninjured by the dogs; at all events he was, as the criers in the streets say, "most barbarously murdered." The body was then tied upon the pummel of the master's saddle, his head dangling upon one side, and his brush on the other; so that passengers on either side of the road, or damsels gazing from the windows of the street, might not be deprived of a sight of the glorious trophy, nor ignorant of the prowess by which it had been acquired.—*Tait's Magazine.*

COMPARATIVE SPEED

OF AMERICAN AND BRITISH HORSES.

So much has of late been said on the comparative stoutness and speed of British and American racers, that we feel it incumbent upon us to search for and record extraordinary efforts of the former.

The very remarkable fact that time is there very rarely kept, or at all events, recorded, makes any approach to certainty in determining this great question very difficult to be attained. We say remarkable, since there can be no means of testing the comparative merits of their own horses nearly so satisfactory as timing them. If, however, the record of the time in which several of their races in modern times have been run, be a true one, we are compelled, in all fairness, to admit that we have not yet rivalled them.

"A gold candelabrum, valued 300 sovs. given by the Stewards, (Sir H. Boswell, Bart. and T. O. Gascoigne, Esq) with 50 sovs added by the Corporation; 3 yrs 7st; 4 yrs, 8st 3lbs; 5 yrs, 8st 10lbs; 6 yrs, and aged, 9st, the winner of the St. Leger to have carried 3lbs extra; two miles and five furlongs.

Marquis of Westminster's ch.c. Touchstone, 4 yrs, (Scott) 1
Mr. W. Richardson's ch. c. Hornsea, 3 yrs, ... 2
Sir J. Boswell's ch c. General Chasse, 4 yrs, ... 3
Duke of Cleveland's br. c. Shillelagh, 4 yrs 4
Sir J. Boswell's b. f. Bella, 4 yrs, ... 5

Betting: 6 to 5 on Chasse; 5 to 2 against Hornsea, and 3 to 1 against Touchstone. Bella, who was started to make running for the General, took the lead at a moderate pace, the favorite lying second, Hornsea third, Shillelagh fourth, and Touchstone last. Without any change of position or speed, they ran to the hill, where the pace became severe, but there was no shifting of places till near the Red House, when Shillelagh became third, and Hornsea fourth. The mare carried on the running to the turn of the rails, where she compounded; the General took it up, followed by Hornsea, Touchstone, and Shillelagh, to the distance, where the latter died away. The three then closed, and ran head and head to the corner of the stand, where the General was beaten. The run is between the other two was one of the severest ever seen, and it was only the last stride that enabled the judge to decide in favor of Touchstone by half a head. It would appear from this, that Touchstone is good only with the Scotts, for out of their hands, the General has always beaten him. The last two miles were done in three minutes and forty-one seconds.

At the same meeting, the great St. Leger stakes were won by the Queen of Trumps, in 3m. 20s. the distance and the weights being the same as for our Tasker stakes, won in their first year by Virginia Carey. See A. T. R. Nov. No. 1834—three hundred and eight yards short of two miles, colts carrying 118—fillies 115lbs.

The great St. Leger was won

By Theodore,	in 1822,	in 3	minutes,	23	seconds.
Barefoot,	1823,	3	"	23½	"
(Having gone round just previously by a false start, in 3 minutes, 23 seconds)					
Jerry,	1824,	3	"	29	"
Tarrare	1826,	3	"	25	"
Rockingham,	1833,	3	"	40	"
Q. of Trumps,	1835,	3	"	20	"

THE PURPLE ROSE,

AND THE GREEN DRAGON-FLY.

There was a charming rose full blown, that grew beside a well,
Its colour was that Tyrian dye that monarchs wore, they tell;
So deep its purple essence drank the skiey tears of morn,
It seemed a mantle of a queen, that silver pearls adorn.

Its little youth was full of glee: whene'er the zephyr came,
It romped and shook with laughing grace, nor dreamt of sin or shame;
The zephyr, like a child, oft came, to have a game of play,
And little deemed its pleasant mate would rue the coming day.

He came one morn, as was his wont, and found the stem alone;
The gentle, harmless flower was plucked, and, like a weed, cast down;
Not yet its purple breath was fled; but sadly soiled its grace,
And all the fragrance was withdrawn that flushed upon its face.

He raised it up, and smoothed its leaves, and fanned it with his wing,
And dashed upon its dying lips the silver of the spring:
It woke at last, with lingering life; and when its eyes unclose,
He cried, "O tell, what has mishapped to thee, my pretty rose?"

"Alas!" sobbed she, "my earliest friend, most faithful and the best.
Had I with friendship been content, I had had life and rest;
But mirth and innocence, in turn, must yield to love and wo,
And childhood's pleasant paths of flowers grow thornier as we go.

"I loved a splendid dragon-fly, which on this fountain prowled;
His green and gorgeous pinions were adorn'd with knobs of gold;
And he loved me; I doubt it not, though him I see no more;
Ambition lured, with loftier charms, to seek a stranger shore."

A little boy who had been sent to the post-office after letters, on his return, with the greatest earnestness imaginable, said to his father, who by the way was a land speculator,—"Daddy, they've *rix* on letters—tother day I got one for *ten cents*, and now they ask *ninepence*."

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THE BARBER'S WEDDING DAY;

OR, THE RASH VOW.

Agatha was young, beautiful, and accomplished; and, better than that, she was sole heiress to the wealth of M. Boulonger, who had left off selling bread with the reputation of being the richest citizen of Rouen. The charms of Boulonger's fair daughter were the subject of general conversation among the bachelors of Rouen, nor did they fail to make a deep impression on many of their hearts. However, only *two* of her numerous admirers received the slightest encouragement.

Now, M. Boulonger had secretly chosen a husband for his daughter without consulting her on the subject: his name was Jacques Frisonnier, the town barber, who had been in the habit of dressing his hair for the last twenty years;—he was brother to Monsieur le Noir. The object of Agatha's choice (for she cared little about grieving her father on the present occasion) was Annibal Visapour, the barber's handsome apprentice. Many a *billet doux*, and many a handsome present, did Annibal deliver from his master to Agatha; but so well did he plead his own cause (though of what precise nature his communications were, we are of course ignorant), while absent on his master's business, that Agatha quickly forgot Jacques while listening to the attractive conversation of his handsome apprentice. In this state of things, Agatha was one night informed by her father that she must either prepare to become the wife of Frisonnier, at the expiration of thirty days, or be immured in a convent for life. This communication caused the young lovers much uneasiness, to use no stronger term; but Annibal was neither a German nor an Italian. He did not philosophically try with how much indifference he could stab himself, nor with how much *gout* he could murder his master; but, being a Frenchman, he considered that he should have more opportunity of seeing his mistress in Rouen than in any convent in France; and he consoled himself with the prospect of marrying, at some future period, a widow with a tidy income, instead of a maid with her father's malediction.

The allotted time was now fast drawing to a close, when Jacques Frisonnier, in a fit of generosity, and wishing to show off in his brightest colours, caused it to be given out by the town-crier, that on the day previous to that fixed for his wedding "he would cut hair and shave *gratis* for as many customers as would honour him with a call; in addition to which he would present them with a cup of excellent claret." This announcement was received with acclamations, and many chins bore witness to the anxiety that was felt to be shaved by the barber on the eventful day.

At five o'clock in the morning of the ever-memorable day, up jumped Frisonnier from his bed, and called his servants and apprentices; and after treating them with an excellent breakfast, during which jokes were freely circulated at the cost of their humorous host, he proceeded to sharpen his razors, in anticipation of his numerous visiters. About eight o'clock, they began to arrive in large numbers, but they were as quickly despatched. One of the customers who came accompanied by a friend, insisted on his friend being accommodated in his turn, for many were claiming their right of priority. The obsequious barber readily complied, but smiled as he tucked the cloth under his chin, for the figure before him was that of an immense shaggy goat, on whom, after chaining him to the chair, he immediately commenced operations. After blunting the edge of twelve razors successively, Frisonnier was seized with an immoderate fit of laughter, and swore that before he had used three more razors, the goat's chin should be as smooth as a lady's face; and he was as good as his word, every body present allowing that the goat would not be recognised by his oldest acquaintance. This put the barber into such an ecstacy of delight, that he pledged himself in a bumper of claret, that should Old Scratch himself make his appearance, he would make his "face as bare as his hoofs!"

Evening came, and with it such a troop of customers, that the junior barbers began to grow

weary, and to fear that their labours would never cease; nor was it till after the hour of eleven that they retired to rest. Just one quarter of an hour before the great bell struck the hour of twelve, Frisonnier, who had sat down to refresh himself, commenced shutting up shop; but he had scarcely closed the door before a stranger knocked for admittance, and, walking into the shop, seated himself, with an air of consequence, in one of the chairs, at the same time requesting to be shaved *gratis*, as the day had not expired.

Frisonnier, anxious to secure everybody's good word, though exhausted with fatigue, smiled courteously on his customer, and turning to Annibal, who had not yet gone up to his room, said, "*You* may retire, *I* will attend to Monseigneur myself." Glad of the opportunity to escape, Annibal was soon at Agatha's window; nor did the lovers part without many sighs and mutual vows of eternal constancy.

Morning found the bride at the altar, leaning pensively on her father's arm. Annibal also was there, secreted behind one of the pillars. The priest, the bridesmaid, and the young lady's friends, were all in attendance—but the bridegroom came not. Impatience was visibly depicted on the countenance of M. Boulonger, and he despatched a messenger to know the cause of his absence. After waiting a considerable time, he determined on going himself; but he was horror-struck, on being told by an immense assemblage of persons who were gathered round the barber's door that Frisonnier had been engaged, during the whole of the night, in shaving a mysterious stranger, whose beard and whiskers were no sooner shaved off than they immediately recommenced growing, to the great consternation of the barber, who felt himself irresistibly compelled to continue his operations.

The brave old Burgher, on hearing this, immediately pressed into the shop; and beholding the barber in a broiling heat, and busily employed in shaving a figure in a cloak, demanded of the stranger, in an authoritative tone, when Mons. Frisonnier would be at liberty. "When he makes my face as smooth as my hoof," responded the stranger, lifting up his cloak and disclosing a cloven hoof of brass.

At these words poor Frisonnier grew pale; for he called to mind the rash vow he had made the preceding morning.

Most willingly would he now have sacrificed all his earthly possessions to have been able to call himself a free man again. But the fates had ordered it otherwise!

The barber continued his work.—Boulonger returned to the church, and, after what he had just witnessed, needed not many arguments to induce him to accept young Visapour for his son-in-law.

Agatha and Annibal have long since reposed in the church yard; but the citizens of Rouen still remember them, nor do they ever fail to *cross* themselves as they pass the house where the unfortunate Frisonnier is at this moment engaged in his never-ending task.

BRINGING HIM TWO.

Man, vain man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
As makes the angels weep.

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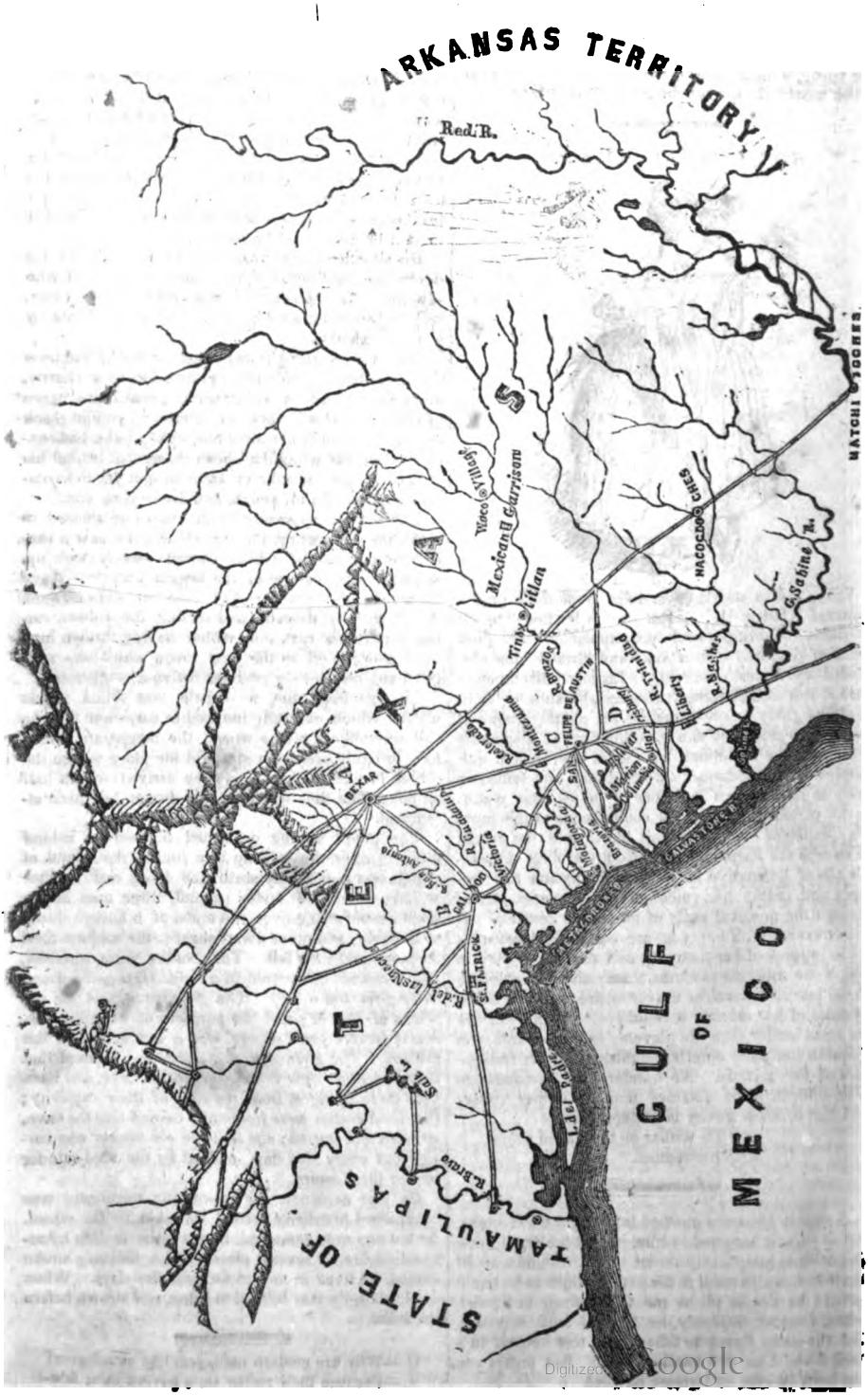
A CORRECT MAP OF TEXAS,

WITH ALPHABETICAL REFERENCES TO THE PROMINENT POINTS OF INTEREST WHICH HAVE GROWN OUT OF THE PRESENT CONTEST WITH MEXICO.


ARKANSAS TERRITORY
Red R.
NATCHITOCHES
Mexican Garrison
Waco Village
Tinkle Villan
NACOGDOCHES
G. Sabine R.
R. Neches
Liberty
Trinidad
Colorado
Brazos
Bastrop
Gonzales
Goliad
Victoria
Lavaca
Matagorda
Galveston
Brazoria
Velasco
Nacogdoches
Bexar
Gualdalupe
Nueces
Rio Grande
Rio Grande
Rio Grande

A. SAN ANTONIO DE BEXAR.—This village is about one hundred and forty miles from the coast, and contains upwards of twelve hundred citizens—all native Mexicans, with the exception of a few American families, who have settled there. Besides these, there is a garrison of soldiers, and trading pedlars of every description, who resort to it from the borders of Rio Grande, as their nearest depot of American goods. A military outpost was established at the spot by the Spanish government in 1718. In 1731, the town was settled by emigrants sent from the Canary Islands by the King of Spain. It became a flourishing settlement, and so continued until the revolution in 1812, since which period, the Comanche and other Indians have greatly harassed the inhabitants, producing much individual suffering, and totally destroying, for a season at least, the prospects of the town. Its site is one of the most beautiful in the western world. The air is salubrious, the water delightful, and the health of the citizens is proverbial. The soil around it is highly fertile. The fortress of Alamo is adjacent to the town, on the opposite side of the river. On the 10th of December, 1835, both the town and the fortress were captured from the Mexicans by the Texians, under General Burlison, after an arduous struggle of five days and five nights. The Mexicans had two thousand five hundred men, under the command of General Cos, and the Texain forces numbered about three hundred. They lost three killed, and about twenty-five wounded.

The fall of Bexar for the time ended the war, and not a soldier was left in Texas. The discomfitted Mexicans re-organised their forces, and on the 25th of February, 1836, again appeared before Bexar, about 2000 strong, under the command of Santa Anna. The Texian garrison consisted of but 150, commanded by Col. Travis. The unequal contest continued daily, without intermission, until the sixth of March, about midnight, when the Alamo was attacked by the entire Mexican force, and a desperate conflict ensued, in which prodigies of valour were wrought by the Spartan band, which garrisoned the fort until daylight, when only seven of them were found alive.—These seven cried for quarter, but were told there was no mercy for them. Of this number were Colonel David Crockett, Mr. Benton, and the gallant Col. Benham, of South Corolina. When this demand for quarter was refused, they continued fighting until all were butchered. The bodies of the slain were thrown into a heap in the centre of the Alamo, and burned.

B. GOLIAD.—The village formerly called La Bahia, is situated on the right bank of the San Antonio river, about one hundred and ten miles south-east of Bexar, and thirty miles from the coast. It contains about eight hundred inhabitants, all Mexicans. It was garrisoned by Mexican troops, and was one of the first places signalized by a triumph of the Texian arms in their struggle for liberty, but subsequently became more distinguished for Mexican cruelty. The fort at this place, which is of great strength, was defended by Colonel Fannin with a small force of volunteers. On the 18th of March, 1836, the Mexicans were discovered in considerable force in the neighbourhood of Goliad, and there was considerable skirmishing through the day with the advance parties. On the 19th, the fort was set on fire, and its wooden defences destroyed, but the wall was left entire, and Col. Fannin took up his line of march. His force at that time was reduced to two hundred and sixty, rank and file. The day after he was overtaken in the open prairie, by a large body of Mexicans, and after a gallant fight, in which he succeeded in killing near two hundred of the enemy, he was surrounded by numbers, and surrendered, under a promise, made in the most sacred manner, that they should be treated with humanity, as prisoners of war, until they were regularly exchanged. He accepted of the terms of capitulation, trusted to the honour of the butchers of the Alamo, and they were marched back to Goliad. Eight days after the prisoners were marched out of the fort, and they were all mercilessly shot down in cold blood by their savage captors. Not more than three or four escaped to relate the bloody tragedy.—Their bodies were burned, in imitation of the concluding scene at the Alamo, and the fragments of mortality were exposed as a revolting carnival to beasts and birds of prey upon the plain. The authorities of Texas bestowed solemn obsequies upon their mutilated and blackened limbs, on the 4th of June, after their murderers were slain on the plains of San Jancinto, under the appalling words, "Remember La Bahia!"

C. SAN FELIPE DE AUSTIN was founded in 1824, by General Austin, and the Commissioner, Baron de Bashop. It is the capital of Austin's colony, and situated on the right bank of the Brassos river, eighty miles from the gulf by land, and one hundred and eighty by the meanders of the river, at the head of boat navigation. The site of this town is exceedingly beautiful. It is a high prairie bluff, which strikes the river, at the upper or northern limit of the level region, about forty feet above the level of the stream. It is the residence of General Austin. The state and municipal officers of the jurisdiction held their offices here; and this was the capital designated for Texas, when its separation from Coahnila, and its reception as an independent state of the Mexican Confederacy, should take place. Here, likewise, all the land and judicial business of the colony is transacted. It contains several stores, and presents altogether the appearance of a busy and pleasant village.

D. This is about the spot where the battle of San Jacinto took place, on the 21st of April, 1836, in which the gallant Houston exterminated the Mexican forces in Texas, and took their strong leader, Santa Anna, prisoner. The Mexican army was upwards of 1500, while the Texians numbered but 783. The Mexicans lost 630 killed, and 280 wounded; while Houston lost but 3 killed, and 5 severely wounded.

ON A B STINGING A LADY IN THE I.

Peerless, yet hapless maid of Q,
Accomplished L. N. G.
Never again shall I and U,
Together sip our T.

For oh, the gales! I know not Y,
Sent midst the flowers, a B,
Which, ven'mous stung her in the I,
So that she could not C.

Ye nymphs of Q, then shun each B,
List 2 the reason Y;
For should a B C U at T,
He'll sting U in the I.

WATCHING BAGGAGE.

The Rev. Mr. Reep says in his Narrative, that while passing in a steamer, he saw an old lady sitting on a box, watching the rest of her baggage at her feet, and singing frequently:

Great box, little box,
Band-box and bundle—
One, two, three, four.

Great box, little box,
Band-box and bundle—
One, two, three, four.

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THE CONVICT'S DREAM.

BY MISS L. MONTAGUE.

Suggested upon reading an account of the recent loss of a Convict Ship, within sight of Hobart Town, New South Wales.

A gloom was in the sunless sky, a storm was on the wave,
And not a ray of hope appeared, the fatal bark to save,
Where, gazing from her native shore, she walked the waters blue—
That shore which never more might greet her death-devoted crew!

'Twas fearful, 'mid the thunder's roar, to hear the maniac cry
Of those who boldly gazed on guilt, yet quail'd when Death was nigh.
And strangely sad—yet beautiful—amid the lightning's glare,
To mark some fallen soul uplift the trusting glance of prayer.

But who is he with wrinkled brow, grown old—but not with years—
And pallid cheek, untimely stained with sin's remorseful tears?
Why sleeps he like a weary child, when storms are round him sweeping?
What spirit o'er his heaving breast her troubled watch is keeping?

He sees not that the skies are dark, not marks the billow's foam;
His thoughts are with his native glen—his heart is in his home;
He heeds not—though the rushing wind should waft his latest sigh;
'Twere sweeter far than life to him, in such a dream to die.

For softly o'er his slumbers steal sweet voices from the past,
And eyes that last upon him gazed their fondest and their last.
He feels once more a joyous child—as generous and as bold
As when with bounding feet he roamed the sunny paths of old.

But changed is now that scene of joy! His home is dark with grief;—
The spring-time of his youthful soul hath perished leaf by leaf!
One fevered act of hurried crime—one desolating hour—
Hath breathed upon affection's plant, and crushed the tender flower!

His mother sits within the porch, beneath the household tree;
Her yearning thoughts are following far her lost one o'er the sea.
She looks upon his father's face, and strives to smile—in vain!
No hand shall ever more unite affection's broken chain.

His sister weeps the livelong day—she dare not breathe his name;
His brother's lip is silent, yet his cheek is red with shame—
But *one* alone, with tearless eye, looks on in fixed despair;
She need not whisper of the *sea*—*her* fervent soul is *there*!

Hers is the love that falters not—the light which cannot wane—
Heeds no tear—it breathes no sigh—but glories in its chain!
Hers is the vow, that, amid the sinless past,
Lives on and keeps its trusting faith unbroken to the last!

He sees her in her beauty's light—his fair, but fading flower;
She kneels beside the torrent in the midnight's dreary hour;
Her voice floats o'er the waters as her prayer to Heaven ascends,
From the trusting place of love, o'er which her pure, meek spirit bends.

The spell is broke—the vision flown—the surges round him rise—
Oh! not in vain that prayer arose, for in his dream he dies!
Seas o'er his fettered hands may roll, yet never not the chain—
But the tear his parting spirit shed was offered not in vain!

TO LAURA.

The fading leaves are falling now,
The fields survive their flowers;
Ere long will come the whirling snow
And winter's gloomy hours.
Ere thus my life is ebbing fast,
My heart outlives its joy;
And soon will come the scythe-winged blast,
That hastens to destroy.

But spring will soon restore each leaf;
The flowers will smile again:
And earth forget her transient grief
In summer's gentle reign;
So may my heart be heavenly bowers,
The grave-gloom spring above;
And roam mid joy's delicious flowers,
With *thee* in endless love.

TO LADY GRAHAM.

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.—BY MRS. NORTON.

Rose! with thy young buds opening to the day,
In fair and delicate beauty like thine own;
Small, fairy copies of thy features' play,
Unconscious mimics of the voice's tone.
Accept for them—for thee—a wish sincere—
Ah! could such wishes like warm sunbeams fall,
To gild the coming of each anxious year,
How much would hope avert, or love recall!

Few can their passing glances backward throw,
Nor feel thick-gathering tear-drops dim their gaze:
Few can look forward with a cheerful glow
And hail the promise of more happy days.
But Thou!—The old year (when its course was nearly
T'win birds of promise to thy bosom sent—
And the new year seems opening to thy view
With a dear dream of measureless content.

May that New Year be bright to them and thee;
As bright as their inherited beauty seems;
And thy heart own thro' its futurity,
(Like a child's slumber,) none but *happy* dreams.
And oh! when Time, with gently stealing pace,
Shall print his touch upon that open brow—
And, passing, mellow with a graver grace
The still unfaded beauty of its snow.—

When fairy Constance smooths each careless curl
That now waves lightly round her tiny head,
When the gay child becomes a graceful girl
With blushing cheek, shy glance, and fawnlike tread:
When love hath shadowed down those laughing eyes,
(Ah! be *her* love a happy one—like thine,)
And all her hidden soul that in them lies,
Like an unriven star,—hath learnt to shine:

When change without shall answer change within,
And *her* expression alters like thine own,
From the calm innocence which knew not sin,
To the bright purity which shines, when known:
When her young girlish loveliness brings back
The winning beauty of thine early day
To him who shares thy life's advancing track,
And bids him pause to bless thee on the way:—

Oh, then, still worshipped in thy quiet home,
(The place where woman's worshippers should be!)
When all those busy memories crowding come,
Which made existence dear to him and thee—
May the New Year be still a welcome sound,
Though coldly gleams the gay and wintry sky,
And all the sunshine which thy heart hath found
Smile on thy lip, and sparkle in thine eye!

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"MY BANE AND ANTIDOTE ARE BOTH BEFORE ME."

Gumbo Squash was no fool; he had been taught by his father, Cato Squash, early to admire the soliloquy of his ancestor, the great Cato of Utica. Once upon a time, his trade of dyeing was dull; Cato of Utica's dyeing was sharp, for he did it with a carving-knife. Dyeing, as we said before, was dull, and Cato Squash was becalmed off Point Non-plus. Like the dying Gladiator, he thought, with tears in his eyes, of the forlorn condition of the little Squashes, and that loving, portly Squash, their mother. He knew that a general squash was at hand; for it was clear from the nature of his business embarrassments, that the house of Gumbo Squash must burst. Dyeing was dull; there was a pressure in the money market, and the shavers wouldn't do Squash's paper, even with the endorsement of solvent, responsible citizens, under the exorbitant interest of ninety-nine per cent., just to let him feel the cash, and feast his eyes upon the forbidden fruit. In fact, when they did so, they held him by the coat-tail, as collateral security.

Thus situated, Gumbo Squash became desperate.—His last resource—his note, endorsed by Pompey Ducklegs, had been thrown out at the Darkey's Bank, of which he was the founder! The blow was too much—it rapped him on the very shins, and went to his gizzard like an oyster-knife. It is at this critical moment that the painter has represented him—a moment of sublimity—the fearfulest passions that can agitate a nigger's bosom, are at work in him. The Possom's Gazette lies on the table, informing him that *dyeing is dead;* the unavailable note is in his pocket. Behold the play of his capacious mouth—the quivering of his extensive lip—the roll of his wild, despairing eye! Behold—but you can't, for his newspaper cap—imagine, then, how his wool untwists itself and stands upright, straight as a poker. He has seized the line, on which, when he had business to do, he dried the articles submitted to his operation. The paper tells him he shall never dye; but to die he feels inclined, for the rope in a moment brings him to an end—his end, and the rope's end. Alas! poor Gumbo!

Ye, who love to contemplate nature quivering on the rack, here, satiate yourself in squinting at Gumbo! As the ancient painter wisely drew a veil across a face, the anguished expression of which his powers were unequal to pourtray, so we will not advance further towards the catastrophe. Think what you would have done yourselves, similarly situated, if possessed of the soft feelings of a Squash, and then conceive of the deeds of the most illustrious of that name!

He did not disgrace his family! He pawned the rope, and raised a sufficient fund to open a bean soup establishment at the corner of Sixth and Chestnut streets, where against the Court House, of evenings, he doles forth his savory merchandise, and delights the hearts and warms the intestines of those hopes of the republic, the check-beggars. Like Napoleon, he bravely lived on in misfortune; but happier than Napoleon, he outgrew it. The chief of the Squashes lives and thrives. He has triumphed over destiny.—He has achieved by fortitude an immortal name, and has proved that the black Squash, though it may bend, can never break—except in business.

Sagacity of Dogs.—Many curious, yet well authenticated anecdotes, illustrating the wonderful sagacity of the canine race, are related—among which the following, which we find in an old English paper, is not the least remarkable. A large Newfoundland dog, belonged to the captain of a ship engaged in the trade between Nova Scotia and Greenock. On one occasion, the Captain brought from Halifax a beautiful cat, which formed a particular acquaintance with Rover; and these two animals of such different nature, were almost inseparable during the passage. On arriving at Greenock, the cat was presented by the Captain to a lady of his acquaintance, who resided nearly half a mile from the quay, in whose family she remained several weeks, and was occasionally visited by her friend, and fellow passenger, who seemed not a little displeased at the separation which had taken place between them.

On the day, however, when the ship was to leave the port for another voyage, the unusual bustle on board, gave Rover a hint of what was going on—and he decided on his course of conduct without delay. He jumped on shore, made his last visit to puss, seized her in his teeth, much to her astonishment, and carried her through the streets to the quay, just as the ship was hauling off. He made a spring, cleared the gunwale, and fairly shipped his feline friend in good order and well conditioned, in and upon the good ship called the Nancy of Greenock; and then ran to his master, wagging his tail, as if entreating that she might be allowed to remain on board.

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A FAMILY MAN—MISERIES OF WEANING.

To married men, this picture requires not a word of illustration. A glance at it is equivalent to a volume of commentary. The unmarried will see in it one of the dearest delights of the connubial state, and they may prepare accordingly—for to this complexion must they come at last.

THE LAST MISERY.

"Funerals Performed."—One would think this a play-bill announcement; but they have queer signs in the old world; we remember one in Paris—"English Spiked Here"—this looks malicious, but it was merely the announcement of the keeper of a boarding house, that the English language was spoken in his house. Another sign, in New York, for a period attracted a good deal of attention—"Mangling Done Here." For a long time little boys and girls avoided the street. Crowds collected around the house and were preceeding to demolish it. They had found before the door the remains of a terrapin, which they took for a young negro's toes. The authorities interfered, and explained to the excited crowd that the inmates were only getters up of clothes after they had been washed—mangling meaning nothing more than ironing. Almost every person in this city will recollect the sign in the upper part of Second street—"Feet Made Here for Children's Stockings"—so that queer signs are not confined to one place. But what have we to do with signs. Here's an old gentleman about to "shuffle off this mortal coil;" and see the hungry expectants, like sharks about ships in battle, waiting for their prey. It is a singular fact in human nature, that although the attendant physician knows the nauseous drug being handed to his patient by the old lady cannot do him any good, yet will he not allow him that which he most craves. The patient plainly enough says, "Throw physic to the dogs," and "give me the clanakin clink," yet will they not. A man to die decently and get all he wants, must be hanged—nothing is too good for him then. A late instance records that the sheriff was about to knock away the bolt, when the prisoner called for a little half and half—all things were stopped. The sheriff threw down the hammer, the reporter suspended operations, the little boys shut their eyes for the moment to open them almost to bursting the next; infants ceased screaming, and the prisoner drank!—ten seconds more and he would not have wanted it. As you were! and off he goes. As much fuss to give a murderer a drink as that old earwig of Denmark (Hamlet's uncle) made when he caroused.

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JARVEY! JARVEY! HERE AM I YOUR HONOR!

A CELEBRATED COMIC SONG.

Ben was a hackney coachman rare,
Jarvey, Jarvey!—Here am I your honor.
Crickys! how he used to swear—
Tomarroo!

How he'd swear, and how he'd drive,
Number three hundred and sixty-five.
Rum tum tiddle liddle, hi gee wo.

Now Ben he was one of that kind,
Jarvey, Jarvey!—Here am I your honor.
Who for the future never mind— Tomarroo!

One day he kept his horses smarting,
And never once thought on Mr. Martin.
Rum tum tiddle liddle, hi gee wo.

Just then a gemman did approach,
Jarvey, Jarvey!—Here am I your honor.
All dress'd in black he call'd his coach— Tomarroo!

And, as I've heard old Benny tell,
His mouth breath'd forth a sulph'rous smell.
Rum tum tiddle liddle, hi gee wo.

He had a bag in his left claw,
Jarvey, Jarvey!—Here am I your honor.
To show that he was of the law; Tomarroo!

But tho' he spoke so mighty civil,
Ben knew very well that he was the devil.
Rum tum tiddle liddle, hi gee wo.

Now the Devil jump'd in the coach all alive.
Jarvey, Jarvey!—Here am I your honor.
"Pray, your honor, where shall I drive?" Tomarroo!

The Devil, who wanted to cut a swell,
Says unto Ben—"O, drive me to ——."
Rum tum tiddle liddle, hi gee wo!

"Come, tell me now, what is your fare?"
Jarvey, Jarvey!—Here am I your honor.
"Just twenty pounds to drive you there,"
Tomarroo!

The Devil he paid it with a grin,
For he thought he'd taken poor Ben in.
Rum tum tiddle liddle, hi gee wo.

Then off the horses flew pell-mell.
Jarvey, Jarvey!—Here am I your honor.
Nor stopp'd till they came to the gates of ——
Tomarroo!

Ben wouldn't go first in the gulf of sin,
So he turn'd, and back'd the Devil in.
Rum tum tiddle liddle, hi gee wo

Now Ben jump'd up, home to return,
Jarvey, Jarvey!—Here am I your honor.
"If you don't come back your coach I'll burn."
Tomarroo!

"My coach and horses may go to pot,
'Cause they're insured—but I am not."
Rum tum tiddle liddle, hi gee wo.

Now Ben he drove away quite fast,
Jarvey, Jarvey!—Here am I your honor.
Until he reach' his home at last;
'Tomarroo!

Now Ben's grown rich he never swears,
And so for the Devil he never cares.
Rum tum tiddle liddle, hi gee wo.

APRIL FOOL'S DAY.

Dobbs kept what we may call a variety store. He had groceries, dry goods, hardware, tobacco, paints, physic, rat-traps, and other sweetmeats. If you went to Dobbs, you were certain of being supplied; but no good was ever said, either of the quality or the price of his commodities. The truth is, Dobbs was a mere gripe; a pain in the stomach of society. He chiselled those who did pay, and wo unto those who didn't. He always gave credit to neighbors, just far enough to get hold of them; and as you can't arrest for debt, under five dollars and thirty three cents, he allowed those within reach to run up bills to five dollars and thirty-four cents, and thereabouts. Then Dobbs had 'em; he came down like an extinguisher; none escaped his clutches, until he had wrung all he could get out of them.

In consequence of all this, Dobbs was not particularly popular with the folks about. He defeated his party one year in a queer way; to which is attributed his retirement from politics. The night was dreadfully rainy, so that none but he, his assistant shopman, and a man who owed the fatal five thirty-four, were at the ward meeting. Here was a glorious chance. The worshipful two, who composed the meeting, nominated one of their own number—the aforesaid Dobbs, as the anti dog killing, and anti boar, pig, or shoat catching candidate, for the office of Judge of the ward election. The stand out was in Swill-Tub Alley. The Dobbsonians were to "toe the curbstone" on the left side of the alley, and the Anti-Dobbses o the right. "Party nominations must be stuck to," says the politicians; but the deuce of it is, party votes won't always stick to them. It was thus on this election. The anti dog killing, and anti pig, boar and shoat catching faction, in Swill Tub Alley, outnumbered their opponents that season, two to one; but they wouldn't go Dobbs. He was too obnoxious, and they couldn't be prevailed upon to view him in the abstract—not as Dobbs, the griping, hard-hearted variety man; but as Dobbs, the friend to the rights of dogs, as well as of pigs, boars, shoats, and goats. They could see nothing but mean Dobbs, pitiful Dobbs, and they wouldn't "toe the mark," unless it were by kicking him. Dobbs was defeated, shamefully defeated, and the enemy carried the day, not by his own merits, but by the demerits of his antagonist.

In the picture, which is a sketch worthy of Hogarth, and evidently a touch or two superior to Cruikshank, or Hannibal Scratchy, one of the persecutions to which Dobbs is subjected, is pourtrayed. The children have formed a holy alliance against the peace and comfort of Dobbs. The elder ones ring his bell, muddy his steps, and hang cats by the tail to his knocker. Whenever they can, they send the undertaker, and the ready-made coffin man to his house, under the impression that Dobbs is defunct, and that they will be well paid for boxing him up so tight that he cannot come back, like the young lady in the "Mistletoe Bough," and troops of hackmen are sent to take him a ride. The smaller children torment him in other ways. It is wonderful to think on the quantities of "pigeon's milk" he might have sold, had he been supplied with that mysterious lacteal fluid, so much talked ab ut, but so seldom seen; and "penn'eths of gape seed," are frequently inquired for. "Left-handed hammers," and "bellows with plenty of wind in," are much sought afier, as well as "gray pantaloons, without any white," and "sieves which isn't got no holes." Dobbs, you see, has secured a prisoner, wanting "beer with the chill off"—the same little creature who frequently inquires for "roasted ice, done brown." What will be the "young 'un's" fate, we know not. But that Dobbs will make an example of bandy legs, does not admit a doubt.

ODDS AND ENDS.

"Marm," said a little boy to his mother, "didn't you say that one sea duck's egg was equal to two hen's eggs?"

"Yes I did."

"Well, then, if I put six of 'em under our black hen, shan't I have twelve chickens when they hatch?"

ENCOURAGEMENT TO DENTISTS AT THE SOUTH.—The Editor of the Camden, S. C. Journal says an itinerating dentist lately called at a house in the neighbourhood of that town, and applied for business. "Don't you want your teeth drawn?" says he to the owner.—"No." "Don't your wife?"—"No." "None of the children?"—"No." "Can't you give me some sort of a job?" says the dentist. "Why," says the gentleman, "I have an old *cross-cut saw*, the teeth of which are out of order. You can have *that* job if you'll fix'em."

GREAT ATTRACTION.—"Father! father! have you got a ninepence about you?—the great Zoological Avery and Circuit is coming here to-day—they've got some new things, father—a great Boy Constructor, and an African Lion right from Asia, with forty stripes on his back, and nary one alike, all the monkeys on a keen jump—children under ten years half price—mayn't I go, father?" "Why, sartin!"

An old sea captain, in speaking of Batavia, says:—"I was standing, at noon-day, in the door of the principal hotel, on one side of a canal, seventy or eighty yards from the spot, and saw an alligator take a child off from the steps, the opposite side, and eat it."

A BUSTER.—"Landlord," said Jonathan, the other day, stepping up to the bar in a public house, "jest give us a cent's worth of New England, and put it into two tumblers. Here, Jim, take hold; away with the expense, I say, when a fellow is on a bust."

"Mr. T——," said a fellow to our postmaster the other day, "haint you got nary letter for me here?" "Yes," was the reply. "What d'ye ax for it?" "Twenty-five cents," said the postmaster. "Can't you take ten pence?" said the fellow. "No; Uncle Sam must have his price." "Well now, I think you must fall a *leetle*, cause I spect to take a heap on'em from you this comin winter."

A Gascon nobleman had been reproaching his son with ingratitude. "I owe you nothing," said the unfilial young man; "so far from having served me, you have always stood in my way; for if you had never been born, I should at this moment be the next heir of my rich grandfather."

This is pretty fair; but not so good as unlucky Joe's expression—"he was so unfortunate, that he was sure it would have been five hundred dollars in his pocket if he had never been born!"

At a late celebration of the anniversary of Independence, a poor man offered the following toast—"Here is a health to *Poverty;* it sticks by when all other friends forsake one."

"O papa!" said a little girl, the other day; "why won't you buy me one of those Highland shawls?" "I mean to buy one for a horse blanket," said he: "Well, I don't care," said the little girl, "the horse may wear it nights, but I'll have it to wear day times."

PROPERTY.—As two boys were playing together, one of them said to the other, "Now, Joseph, ain't we rich?" "Why, Tommy, what have we got?" "Two cats and a dog."

QUOTED CRITICISMS FROM SHAKSPEARE.

THOMAS J. COOPER.

"Whose age hath charms in it, whose title more, to pluck the common bosom on his side."
King Lear.

"Infirmity, which waits upon worn times, hath something seized his wished ability."
Winter's Tale.

"The world's loud tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit."
Love's Labour Lost.

"From the full meridian of my glory, I haste now to my setting." *Henry VIII.*

MISS PHILLIPS.

"The most replenished sweet work of nature, that from the prime creation ere she framed."
Richard III.

She has all the royal makings of a queen.
Henry VIII.

"Oh, you have lived in desolation here—
Unseen, unvisited—much to our shame!"
Love's Labour Lost.

"Heaven bless thee!
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on.
Sir, as I have a soul she is an angel." *Henry VIII.*

EDMUND KEAN.

"A man more sinned against than sinning."
King Lear.

"Let us be *keen*, and rather cut a little, than fall and bruise to death." *Measure for Measure.*

"Full well we know no hand of blood or bone,
Can gripe the sacred handle of your sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp." *Richard II.*

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again." *Hamlet.*

FANNY JARMAN—MRS. TERNAN.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman." *King Lear.*

"Pry'thee, Virgilia, turn thy *solemness* out of doors."
Coriolanus.

"She is an excellent sweet lady, and out of all suspicion, she is virtuous and exceeding wise."

"In every thing but in loving Benedick."
Much Ado About Nothing.

"I see thy glory, like a shooting star, fall to the base earth from the firmament." *Richard II.*

MR. TERNAN.

"This is a slave, whose easy borrowed pride.
Dwells in the grace of her he follows." *King Lear.*

"They say you are a melancholy fellow? I am so. I do love it better than laughing."
As You Like It.

"His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it." *Love's Labour Lost.*

"The people did not clap him." *Julius Cæsar.*

MR. BALLS.

——————— "Bestride the *Gossamer*,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity."
Romeo and Juliet.

"You shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up." *2d part Henry IV.*

"Said to be something imperfect." *Coriolanus.*

"He hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after." *Othello.*

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EVERY BODY'S ALBUM;

COMPRISING

TALES, QUIPS, QUIRKS, ANECDOTES & FACETIÆ.

MATCH AGAINST TIME.

Daddy Longlegs, as Mr. Long Longman was familiarly called, was a native of *Lanky*-shire. He was a perfect prodigy, and had he been publicly exhibited—like the Chinese Lady, whose little feet have turned the heads of many of our citizens—he would doubtless have made his fortune as a lusus naturæ. His legs were long—his body was long—his arms were long—his nose was long—he was altogether long. He required a long coat, and long credit—he could not get along without it. But the longest things have an end, and the long and the short of the matter is, that his credit, which, miraculous as it may seem, was—and it was the only thing that ever was—longer than himself, had an end too. Long did Mr. Long Longman ponder on this lamentable state of affairs. At length, as he lay upon two beds, over the last of which his gigantic feet spread some inches, he thought, felicitously enough, that his legs might serve him in *kneed*. He communicates with a staunch friend, who had ever *looked up* to him with the highest regard, and the most elevated affection, the result of his lucubrations. Matters were speedily arranged; that night Mr. John Smith—we have some scruples in inserting Mr. Long Longman's friend's name, but as he owns a deservedly respectable situation in society, and is intimately known to most of our readers, we waive them, that he may be known, and that the eyes of the world may be attracted by the announcement of so uncommon a name.—That night, Mr. John Smith, over a bottle of choice Madeira, with Mr. Absalom Selfconceit, made a match against time, to be performed by his friend. Every thing was satisfactorily settled; the appointed day came, and along with it Mr. Long Longman, Esq. Mr. Selfconceit's heart sank within him, as he saw the moving Colossus striding towards him; and well he might. Long Longman literally walked into him; walking the money out of him by his *feat*, with the utmost facility.

From that time our hero has performed many matches against time, in all of whom he has been perfectly successful, to the astonishment and admiration of all those who witnessed his prodigies of motion.

Some persons believe that he possesses the steam leg so often spoken of and sung about—some that he has the celebrated shadowless German's boots—whilst others, whose researches carry them to a more remote date, affirm that he performs his labours by means of the very identical seven leagued boots with which the Ogre, of bloody memory, pursued little Jack and his seven brothers. With so important a discussion we shall not presume to interfere, but leave it to the calm consideration and deep research of some future historian.

We shall only further call the attention of our readers to the faithfully engraved likeness of this celebrated personage. He is taken performing one of his great matches against time. The poetical artist has to convey an idea of the amazing strides he was wont to take, and represents him striding a mile at once; this is, of course, a slight *stretch*, but it is a happy idea. At the back are groups of delighted persons witnessing the match, and at the end of the journey is one sending off a carrier pigeon, to announce the arrival of Long Longman within the given time.

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gradually introduced himself to the society of the other patients. From this time his notions became more just and sensible, and in less than a year he acknowledged the absurdity of his previous prepossession, and was dismissed from the Bicetre.

In the course of a few days Pinel released 53 maniacs from their chains: among them were men of all conditions and countries; workmen, merchants, soldiers, lawyers, &c. The result was beyond his hopes. Tranquillity and harmony succeeded to tumult and disorder; and the whole discipline was marked with a regularity and kindness which had the most favourable effect on the insane themselves; rendering even the most furious more tractable.

"'TIS ONLY MY HUSBAND!"

ONLY MY HUSBAND!—pleasant, isn't it? It is common enough, however, for all that. Nature often makes great mistakes, and misplaces spirit shockingly. How frequently do we find the timid, retiring, yielding spirit of a woman in the form of a man—giving place at once, as if like woman, "born to be controlled." The whiskers of a tiger, and the proportions of a Hercules, in innumerable instances, cover a heart with no more boldness, or energy, in its pulsations, than the little, palpitating affair, which is placed in the bosom of a maiden of bashful fifteen; while many a lady fair—before marriage all softness and graceful humility—bears within her breast the undeveloped fire and indomitable resolution of an Alexander, a Napoleon, or a Cæsar. That soul, which, had she been a man, would have qualified her for a military conqueror, or a great thief catching police officer, by being in a female frame, renders her a Xantippe—a Napoleon of the fireside, and pens her husband—like a vanquished King—a prisoner, a spiritless captive in his own chimney corner. The whole race of grey mares—and their name is legion—according to our theory, became so by accident. They did not get their own souls—they have the souls of men;

while the same number of men are scattered through the world—the hen-pecked genus—with souls of feminine mould.

So it is with our friends in the picture—Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgig.. They are a pattern pair, and exemplify our notions on the subject to a nicety. Mr. Fitzgig thought himself quite a model of a man, before he was unlucky enough to get married—a great mistake. He dreamed that he was chockfull of valor, and fit to lead squadrons to the field—at the sound of drums and trumpets, (especially of a Fourth of July, after he had swallowed a brace or two of julaps,) he perked up his chin, stuck out his breast, straightened his backbone, and believed himself just the boy to head a forlorn hope in storming a fortress—a great mistake. But, worst of all, he made a Mrs. Fitzgig of Miss Seraphina Serena Pump, taking her for a feminine woman, when the "lurking devil in her eye" might have told him that she was a masculine woman—the greatest mistake of the whole troop of blunders. As to the last, however, Fitzgig was a little to blame. He had seen manifestations of Seraphina Serena Pump's dormant energies; for he was present when she took a cat by the tail which had scratched her, whirled it two or three times round her head, and slung it, whizzing and crashing, through the window into the street; and again he saw her bung her father's eye with an egg at breakfast, because he would not promise to buy her a new bonnet, with other little affairs of the sort; but Fitzgig, like ourselves, in our "salad days," as Coleridge calls the time, when we fall in love with bright eyes and such matters, liked a lady none the worse for a little sprinkling of the "old 'un" in her composition. He believed that she loved the harder for it, and he was satisfied that his own sway could curb all its improper manifestations. Alas for Fitzgig! alas, for most men, who venture, under the same impression, upon the same experiment! Fiery ladies may be beautiful—so may a kicking pony—but tame them, if you can.

Fitzgig, in two weeks, was metamorphosed into "only my husband." He struggled hard; but who can resist his fate? Mrs. Fitzgig so "chastised him with the valor of her tongue" and of her deeds, that his valor was speedily returned *non est inventus*.

"I'm going out of town, a fishing, to-morrow, my dear," said Fitzgig, as he buckled on his stock before the glass, early one morning; "but I'll be back, my darling, soon the next day."

"No you won't, my love," shrieked Mrs. Fitzgig, as she sat bolt upright in bed; "I see how it is—tired of your poor wife, already; yes—tired! I say tired!"

So Mrs. Fitzgig sprang out of her nest, lifted up a pitcher of water, and smacked it all to pieces on the floor.

Fitz felt considerably dished; but, eying the pitcher and the streaming water, he repeated in tremulous tones: "I'm going a fishing—"

The basin followed the pitcher—Mrs. Fitz seized the looking glass, and ejaculated, with a significant glance: "Going a fishing!"

What could Fitz do? He was cornered, as they say, in the neighbourhood of the Star and Bank Alley. So he knuckled down close. The war was unexpected, and he had not calculated the cost.

"No, I believe I ain't going a fishing." Mrs. Fitz saw that she had made an impression. Her military genius whispered to her to follow it up. It is not enough to rout a foe. The true principle is to demolish him—to use him completely up.

"Ah, you only say that to deceive your poor neglected wife—there's some mistress—that's the fish—and you want to sneak off."

"Now, Fitz looked conscience-stricken. Like all cowards, he did intend to sneak off, and his face betrayed him.

"You *are* going a fishing, Mr. Fitz," said she, and crash went the mirror against the wall.

Mrs. Fitz commenced dressing with extraordinary despatch; tore the things, upset the table, whirled the lamp at a picture of the delights of wedded love, which graced the wall, and, with unwashed face, slammed the door and marched down stairs, repeating the word "fishing," as she passed. What happened below, we know not, but the "little nigger" was soon heard yelling, and there was a terrible turmoil in the kitchen. It was clear that Mrs. Fitz was cooking a pretty "kettle of fish," so that her dear Theophilus need not have the trouble of going fishing.

Fitz sat on the side of the bed for an hour, like Marius on the ruins of Carthage, while the storm raged below. At length he sneaked down.

"Good morning, Mr. Fitzgig—going a fishing, Mr. Fitzgig?"

"No, dearest Seraphina Serena, I ain't going a fishing; I want my breakfast."

"No breakfast, here, Mr. Fitzgig;—a plot against me, Mr. Fitzgig. Sally and Tommy—all gone—gone a fishing, Mr. Fitzgig. If you want breakfast, get it yourself."

The battle was over—Fitz, previously broken by the breakage of the brittle ware upstairs, had little spirit left; but to take away his breakfast—to punch him thus in the bread-basket—was attacking him in the tenderest part. He sued for forgiveness, and, after two hours of solicitation, the fiery fair granted him a pardon, and suffered him to kiss her unwashed cheek.

Fitz was thus changed at once into "only my husband"—the humblest of all humble animals. He fetches and carries; goes errands, lugs bandboxes and bundles; takes up the yelling little Fitzgigs at night, when they squall, and walks in his shirt with them up and down the room for hours, whether the weather be warm or cold; which is the leading duty of "only my husband"—and makes himself particularly scarce, when any of his wife's grand friends come to see her. He is, in fact, scarcely ever in a presentable condition; for Mrs. Fitz requires too much money herself to allow him to spend any for clothes. He does, however, get a levy a week, for the purchase of long nines; but very little more. Although he smirks and looks dutiful now, whenever his wife is by, at first he ventured, once or twice, to grumble and look sulky. These symptoms of insubordination, however, were soon quelled. Mrs. F. gave a significant "cut with her eye," raised a piece of fragile furniture in her hand, and whispered in a stern voice:

"*Do you want to go a fishing, Mr. Fitzgig?*"

It has been decided by a competent tribunal, in New Jersey, that the price of kissing a lady against her consent, is two dollars.

A grog bruiser, in Philadelphia, driven to his last shift, had a sound tooth extracted, which he sold for 25 cents, to raise the ruin for more steam.

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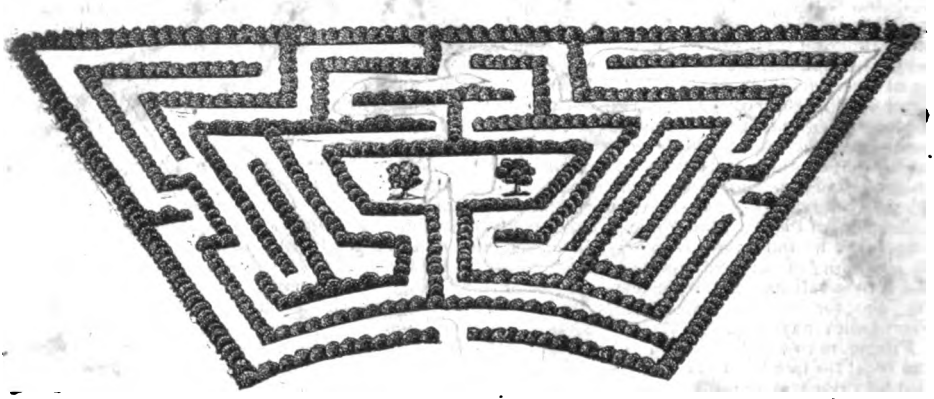
THE MAZE

IN THE GARDENS OF HAMPTON COURT.



The Engraving is a correct representation of this singularly laid out Garden, the hedge of which is carefully cut, and bears so marked a resemblance throughout, that the visiter, after he once gets in, finds it very difficult to extricate himself, and he would be sadly bewildered were there not a guide at hand to direct his steps. The rule, however, is simple enough when known: it consists in merely turning to the left on entering, and then keeping close to the right of the hedge, until you reach the centre.

THE DOG.

"He will not come," said the gentle child,
And she patted the poor dog's head,
And she pleasantly called him and fondly smiled,
But he heeded her not in his anguish wild,
Nor arose from his lowly bed.

'Twas his master's grave where he chose to rest.
He guarded it night and day,
The love that glowed on his grateful breast,
For the friend who had fed, controlled, carest,
Might never fade away.

And when the long grass rustled near,
Beneath some hastening tread,
He started up with a quivering ear,
For he thought 'twas the step of his master dear,
Returning from the dead.

But sometimes when a storm drew nigh,
And the clouds were dark and fleet,
He tore the turf with a mournful cry,
As if he would force his way, or die,
To his much loved master's feet.

So there through the summer's heat he lay.
Till Autumn's nights grew bleak,
Till his eye grew dim with his hope's decay,
And he pined, and he pined, and wasted away,
A skeleton gaunt and weak.

And oft the pitying children brought
Their offerings of meat and bread,
And to coax him away to their homes they sought,
But his buried master he ne'er forgot,
Nor strayed from his lonely bed.

Cold winter came with an angry sway,
And the snow lay deep and sore,
Then his moaning grew fainter day by day,
Till close where the broken tombstone lay,
He fell, to rise no more.

And when he struggled with mortal pain,
And death was by his side,
With one loud cry that shook the plain,
He called for his master,—but all in vain,
Then stretched himself and died.

THE SONG OF THE GRAVE DIGGER.

BY CHARLES DANCE.

Poor mortals imagine they stand on the ground,
Supported by all that is solid and sound;
'Tis a plank—and beneath it my work's to be found:
I gather him in,
I gather him in.

The child, strong and healthy, careers on the heath—
Not thinking—not caring—scarce knowing of death;
In an instant he draws his last innocent breath;
I gather him in,
I gather him in.

The youth, in the vortex of folly and crime,
Advised to repent—answers, "Not in my prime;"
He would if he knew he had run out his time;
I gather him in,
I gather him in.

Says Fifty—Poor Sixty is breaking space;
He must long for the health that he sees in my face,
'Self deceiver! he dreams not he's first in the race;
I gather him in,
I gather him in.

"Huzza!" says the Dotard—"I'm turn'd of four score,
And now I shall live to a hundred or more;"
At night-fall his coffin is brought to the door;
I gather him in,
I gather him in.

The Drunkard exclaims, "fill my cup to the brim,
In water life sinks—but in brandy 'twill swim,"
He dies as he speaks—and I make sure of him;
I gather him in,
I gather him in.

The rich man observes his poor neighbor look old,
And hugs himself on his resources of gold,
A lackey all lace, says "a knell must be tolled;"
I gather him in,
I gather him in.

E'en while he was speaking, the moralist elf
Was digging—unthinking—a pit for himself,
His spade and his mattock are laid on the shelf;
They've gathered him in,
They've gathered him in.

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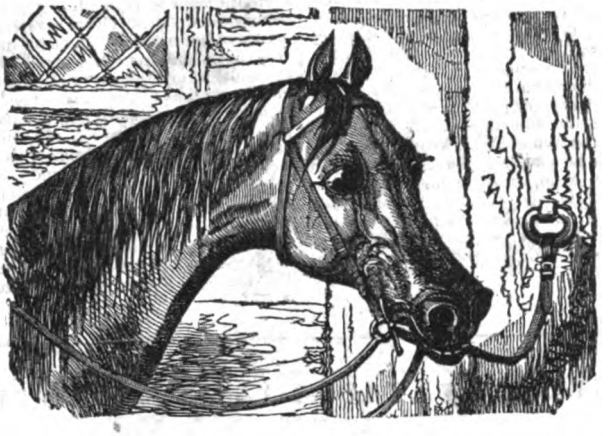
THE TURF HORSE.



The horse has been deservedly a great favourite with man, in all countries, and in every age. Beautiful in his appearance, grand and lofty in his bearing, and graceful in his carriage, he commands our admiration. But when, added to these, we see his noble and generous nature, how, with all his mighty powers, and the native ardour and boldness of his character, he yields himself to our will, and, as required, ministers to our pride, or adds to our pleasures, or aids in our labours, our admiration rises into an esteem, that compels us to place him at the head of the quadruped race. Whether viewed as bearing us into battle, in the chase, or on the turf, or as harnessed to the chariot, the car, or the plough, we see him ever the same true and faithful servant, devoting his energies with a fitness appropriate to the demands of the occasion with a zeal unabating, and a fidelity untiring, even unto death. It is not surprising, then, that he has been regarded with great interest and deep solicitude by the people of every country, from the most remote ages. But the Arabians in particular appear to have entertained a very high sense of his merits at an early period, when they formed studs of the wild horses inhabiting their deserts, (descendants, as we are informed by history, of the famed Persian race, so highly esteemed by the ancients,) and introduced a system of breeding, which, having especial regard to a preservation of the purity of their blood, and the improvement of their qualities, and being pursued, through a succession of ages, with the strictest reference to the attainment of these objects alone, has at length resulted in producing a race superior to that of any other nation.

The *mountain Arab* stands acknowledged the first of his species. He has never been permitted to form alliances with any race less noble than his own; (for so he is denominated by the Arabians;) and as it has ever been the custom to have attestations of all he has been allowed to form, made by creditable witnesses, who swore to, and sealed them, generally before some public person; and as they have been preserved with great care, and handed down from generation to generation, his genealogy may be traced with perfect certainty for centuries back. There can be no doubt, from the testimony of history, that his is the pure and ancient race here described, and that taken altogether, he forms the model of the horse in his most perfect state. His hair or coat is fine and silken, and his proportions just and beautiful; he is vigorous in his constitution, bold and intrepid in character; mild, generous, and affectionate in disposition; and in his temper and habits, social. Though low in stature, (seldom reaching fifteen hands in height,) he has sufficient strength of frame, and great power of muscle in his limbs. His head is meagre, and of medium length; the forehead flat and broad; ears small, narrow, erect, and set well apart; muzzle small, nostrils wide, and his eyes extremely prominent, and very lively; his neck is proportionably long, and properly elevated, divested of all superfluous flesh, and, rising on a level with his withers, curves slightly as it approaches the head; his throapple large; his bosom of becoming breadth and prominence; shoulders not too heavy; the blade bones declining, and firmly set in the withers, which themselves are elevated and thin; back short and straight; tail set on high; ribs deep; belly capacious; haunch bones well concealed; quarters long, and beautifully turned; thighs unusually full, and exceedingly muscular; hock remarkably tendinous, round in front, and flat on the sides; shank thin and broad; fore legs appropriately placed, and proportioned to those behind; arms muscular; knees lean; fetlocks prominent; pasterns of fine size, but rather long; hoofs tough, heels broad, sole thick and concave.

The *mountain Barb* claims to be considered next in consequence, after the Arab. Indeed he possesses qualities but little inferior, and, as his origin is the same, and all his main characteristics very similar, he may be viewed as belonging to a variety of the same race. He is something smaller in stature, but as symmetrically formed, and carries greater depth of frame. He perhaps is not endowed with an equal degree of muscular energy; yet his stride is greater, and he is equally, if not more enduring and vigorous. His disposition, too, is equally happy; but his temper is much less ardent and spirited, and consequently his movements are more dull and sluggish, until he is roused and animated, when they discover all the fire and energy characterizing his race.

The *Turkish horse* (descended chiefly from the Arab, crossed by the Persian, and certain other bloods) is inferior only to the Arab and Barb. His neck, body, and limbs, are much longer,—the body being less compactly formed, and the limbs exhibiting less tendon and muscle. He is, however, extremely well-winded, and capable of enduring great fatigue.

The modern or turf horse derives his origin from these three stocks, so commingled by breeding as to give him the qualities of each in nearly equal proportions. From the Arab he obtains speed; stride and stoutness from the Barb; and length and height from the Turk. He is distinguished from the common horse by superior fineness of skin and hair, more perfect symmetry, and greater regularity of proportion in his general conformation, and by the spirit and animation of his temperament, and the high-toned pride of his character. He is much more fleet, and has better wind, is capable of greater endurance, and possesses ability to carry higher weights; all which arise from his shoulders being more obliquely placed, and better knit to his withers; his greater depth of girth, and the superior length, and more oval turn of his quarters; the closeness of texture of his fibres; the pliability, substance, and firmness of his tendons, and muscular appendages; and the solidity of his bones.

The English were the first to discover the mode of producing him, as they have been foremost to reap the advantages the discovery has yielded. They appear to have had a strong predilection for the sports of the turf almost from the commencement of their history as a distinct people, which, strengthening with their years, and

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spreading with their increase, became at length the ruling passions of the nation. Their earliest monarchs and chief nobility patronized and encouraged them by forming studs, (those established by the former were called "royal studs," and are continued to the present day,) and beginning to breed with spirit and effect, by first crossing their own native breeds with each other, and then with others imported from different parts of Europe, (of which those from Spain alone produced any very perceptible advantages,) and finally, by making the experiment of the admixture above mentioned, whose results have proved so highly beneficial to mankind, in laying the foundation of the noblest and most useful animal ever appropriated to their use. Here and thus was established the *base* of the '*thorough-bred*' of the present times: and no horse is entitled to be ranked with this class whose genealogy cannot be traced through all his crosses, with the least alloy, to this pure and ancient source.

The reign of Charles II. was probably more distinguished than those of all his predecessors, for the extent to which the diversions of the turf were carried and the exertions made to establish and perpetuate them as a national amusement. That sovereign himself sent his master of horse abroad, to select and purchase "the very finest stallions and mares" he could find. He succeeded in obtaining several, which were introduced into the royal stud. The females then and thus procured were styled "*royal mares*," which name they still bear each in all ancient pedigrees. His nobility, too, vied with others, in endeavours to promote the favourite amusement of their gay master, and accordingly spared neither trouble nor expense in their exertions to obtain the most perfect Arabians, Barbs, and Turks; numbers of each of which they also succeeded in introducing into the kingdom. From these is derived undoubtedly the largest and richest portion of the blood flowing in the veins of the present English or American race horses.

LONDON PARTICULARS—PROMOTION.

Ah! through this world as mortals wend,
By shrewd observers 'twill be noted
How seldom merit meets a friend,
How rarely talent is promoted.

Genius, the brightest, ne'er could screen
Its owner from hard Fortune's basting—
How many flowers must blush unseen,
Their sweetness on the desert wasting!

Yet there are some upon the town
That now in public favour revel,
Who broke the chains which held them down,
And proudly gain'd their proper level.

Worthies on Want's cold bosom nurst,
Who, though the storms of Fate might bluster,
Upon a wondering world have burst,
Like Phœbus in meridian lustre.

"Vy, Jem, you're rigg'd in famous style;
I've often wonder'd where they stow'd ye.
Where are your Dustman's togs and tile?
I'm bless'd, my tulip, if I know'd ye.

"Vot sort of business are you at?
You comes it strong enough, my master.
Yes, some folks cuts it precious fat,
With quizzing glass and lily castor!"

"Now, Bob, my hearty, vish me joy;
I vorks no longer like a nigger:
I've cut the dusting line, my boy,
And on the stage I sports my figure.

"In pantomime I've made a hit,
And as the managers apprise me;
Now, ven I takes my benefit,
I hopes you'll come and patronize me.

"But wulgar company I bar,
All heavy vet and max discarding:
For, now I'm deem'd by nobs a star,
And quite the life of Comment Garden.

"Of prime red port, or sherry nice,
I'll stand a pint without no joking;
But, Bob, do take a friend's advice,
And leave off that ere nasty smoking!"

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AN UNNATURAL UNCLE.

Who was it, when dad's cash was short,
And friends and grog had ruin wrought,
His pantaloons at half-price bought?—
My uncle.

Who was it never rated him,
For drinking whiskey, rum, or gin,
But lent him cash to go and sin?—
My uncle.

Who was it got the clothes of me,
And father's coat, to raise a spree,
Entailing on us misery?—
My uncle.

And when all else was gone and spent,
To raise the *wind*, the *bellows* sent,
To him, who on them money lent?—
My uncle.

Ah! often would my father say,
Ne'er throw the least thing, boy, away,
But pledge it only where 'twill pay—
Your uncle.

And when dad died, and was laid low,
And my poor heart was full of wo,
To whom for comfort did I go?—
My uncle.

Who was it, reader, think ye, who
Pinched, and cuff'd, and kick'd me, too,
In spite of all that I could do?—
My uncle.

And when I went (his shop was cramm'd,)
To pledge my love—in corner cramm'd—
Who was it said, I might be d——d?
My uncle.

THE TIGHT BOOT.

A tight boot, of a hot morning, just after a hot breakfast! The inquisition never dreamed of a punishment so horrible. What's the iron boot compared with a tight morocco boot for a long walk under a hot sun—Don't mention it!

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"You wasn't eddicated like me. They did'nt lambaste you to make you shy and elegant; and always to think how it looks, and what people will think of you, before you do a thing. They didn't make you amiable."

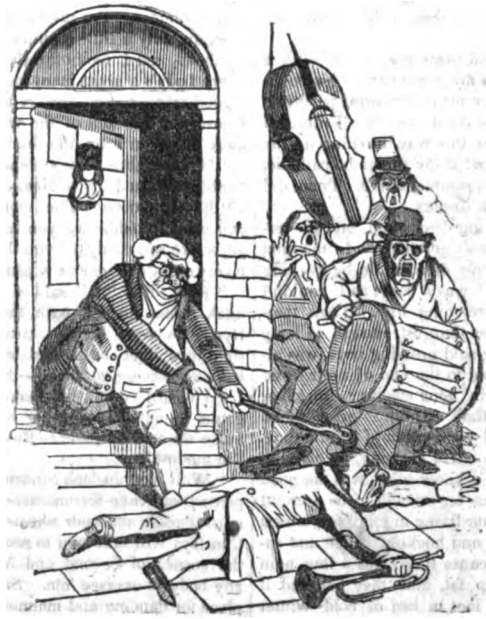
"Bless you, no! It's for gals to be amiable. Boys should be knock down and drag out—rale brass."

"I wish I was a knocker, or a brass candlestick, or else a gal."

"Now, I'm tired of you. You're pretty nigh as soft as mush. Be off, or the Charleys will have you. How would you like to make a speech to his Honour, before a hundred people, most of 'em critics—fellows that knows what speechifying is, and have heard all the aldermen, the ginywine lights of the age, talk to loafers so tender and touching? Think of that."

"Sir," said Timpkins, turning pale in the cheeks, blue in the lips, and bowing low, "I axes pardon, and I wishes you a werry good morning. I'd sooner go alone into a tea party, before the gentlemen had come, and when the ladies were all setting prim at t'other end of the room."

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."



"Music will charm a savage breast,"
We learn from an old adage—
But modern wisdom saith 'twill make
A gentle spirit savage:

For some have crotchets in their head,
And, like them, not on paper,
And some have scrapers at their door,
Whereon they keep a scraper.

Now, Doctor David Dose'emwell,
Death's very able proctor,
Did live by making physic—and
The physic made the Doctor.

He hated music, day or night—
He sicken'd with its din;
Its jingling bottles brought to mind
The cursed *viol-in*—

Whose horrid scraping, like an e-
Metic, he daily grew sick:
At night the cats would caterwaul,
And wake him with their *mew-sick*.

He had no organ in his head
For music of the spheres—
And when the barrel organ came,
He wish'd he had no ears.

In London, where, I should have said,
Dosem, the Doctor, tar'-ed,
He did not hear a single tune
But unto him was mar-ed.

One night, as some discordant wights
Did 'neath his window play,
Upon their heads he threw a crown—
'Twas crack'd, and so were they.

"Thank goodness!" then the Doctor said,
"I've got them off my hand:
They are disbanded"—They had gone
To get a perfect band.

For if they thought so poor a card
As flute and fiddle lump it,
The wisest thing's to follow suit,
And with the drum to *trump-et*.

Up started then the Doctor, as
"Slow time" the fiddler said—
He seized a stick, and said "I'll beat
Quick time upon your head!"

He hastily put on his clothes,
Amidst the noise distressing—
And having dress'd himself, he said,
"I'll give them all a dressing;—

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"But most that cursed trumpeter,
His head I'll quickly notch it—
I'll knock him down, and on his crown
I'll score a pretty crotchet!"

Behold him in the very act—
He's floor'd the player flat,
Which makes him look just like *a sharp*,
His victim like *a flat!*

"For no such bar, we bargain'd," cried
The others from afar;
"In mercy, spare the trumpeter—
Base Doctor, bar your bar!"

"Ye murderers of melody,"
Said Dosem, "taste its flavour!"—
They fled, and he went into bed,
And left his foe to *quaver:*

DOGS AND SO ON.

There are some animals that never cease to excite my wonder. "Pa, where did dogs come from?" asked my youngest boy the other day. "From the woods, my son," said I, hesitating, as I often do at these simple questions; for familiar as I was with the domestic relation of man and dog, though the law books have strangely omitted it, I had not once thought of inquiring into its origin. I took it for granted, that as women was made from the rib of a man, dogs must have been made so too—they have always been so inseparable from the human race. Of all animals, dogs and cats are the most domestic; yet the law in its wisdom, makes them out to be *feræ naturæ*—of a savage nature, and therefore not the subject of property or theft. By the law of England, if you steal a cabbage, you may be sent to Botany Bay for seven years; but if you steal my favorite dog, it is not punishable, saith the "perfection of reason," because they are not used to be eaten. There is a civil action for damages, to be sure, and that depends upon the estimation by the jury, of his pecuniary value. But what idea can a jury have of your affection for a favorite dog?—a playful, beautiful, loving dog?—respectable, withal, and clean; one who has saved your life, and would do it again, at the loss of his own—one that would rather starve with you, than feast with a stranger—one that would howl to the moon at your absence, or refuse sustenance over your grave, till he died of grief and hunger? Why, you would rather lose your last coat, than part with him. Yet, forsooth, it is no felony to steal or shoot him; he is not to be fatted and killed for butchers' meat!—a most beef eating and greasy discrimination, truly—a disgrace to the English character. They manage these things differently in the town where I went to school. A jury there gave three hundred dollars damages against a constable, for wantonly shooting a dog belonging to Squire Twann. It was proved on trial, that this dog was in the habit of taking the horse to water and leading him to the stable—waking up the servants in the morning—driving up the cows, carrying the children's basket to school—and I have seen him lugging his master's green bag to the court house—looking as thoughtful the while, as if the case was his own. He would even take the children to ride upon his master's horse, pulling back and growling anxiously if his brother quadruped attempted to go too fast. If you had seen this sight you never would deny that these animals had souls—a helpless child, upon the the back of an animal proverbial for fleetness and strength, and him led by a beast of prey so "savage" that the law declares him not the subject for theft.

Dogs may be divided into large and small, genteel and vulgar—rough and smooth—savage and amiable. There are about as many classes, ranks, and families among them, as among men, and about the same diversity of character and appearance.

There is first, your large, quarrelsome, tyrannical dog—wide awake, strong, and wicked—seeking whom he may devour. "Deliver me from the power of this dog," as the pigs at the corner of Main and Third have it. With a back like a sturgeon, and a tail like a ram's horn—of a disposition to hang on in spite of cudgels and cold water; and a head that would bite through a crow-bar twenty-four hours after being cut off. This dog followeth butchers' carts—attacketh pigs, cows, and little dogs; he frequenteth low cafes, and suspicious neighborhoods near town; he addeth to the misery of animal creation. The cow suspendeth her meditations, and walketh swiftly by on the other side. The pig abstaineth from gastronomical thoughts, be the precincts ever so tempting. The little dogs dare not play at rough and tumble in his presence, for fear of being domineered over, and swelt of a year's growth. If you see a butcher's cart driving through town, attended by one of these dogs, you may look out for one continued squeal and yelp from the beginning of the street to the end of it. One of these wretches was the *genius loci* of the corner of Main and Third streets, about a year ago. No pig could pass that way, and say his soul was his own; his ears at least must suffer the invariable penalty, and the ears of all that heard him. There was not a *whole hog* within fifty yards of the spot. There was a large, lean, ancient grunter, a most dismounted specimen who had lost one ear. When the enemy came, he would turn to him, not the other, like a Christian, but the smooth side of his head, at the same time giving a nudge with his shoulder, which would send the foe off in a tangent. It was a refreshing sight. There was yet another, who had lost both his ears, his taff, and in fact, had all his rough points so smoothed off, that he was proof against man and beast. But not even a pig is proof against vanity. He never came out till after dark; and of moonlight nights, always kept the shady side of the street. I pitied him from my very soul—for if a pig desires any thing, next to apple skins, it is peace with his enemies, and the pleasure of twisting his tail to suit himself.

Another kind, abominable to me, is your little half pug, half turnspit—with every disproportionate feature, so huddled together, and making such a low, whelpish compound, that folks kick him as a matter of course. How plainly ill-starred and miserable he is! He hath a broad head, sharp nose, pop eyes, and flat ears, He hath a short neck and legs, a long body and tail. His gait is a difficult, spread kind of a waddle; for he most mechanically crooketh his elbows and turneth in his knees—his toes again turneth out—and all this taketh place within the space of three inches. When he turneth a corner, his tail flyeth round like a rudder, almost bringing his hind legs foremost, whereat followeth great scuffling to right ship and tack. He suffereth from a certain absence of *esprit du*

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corps among his members, none of which being nearer than first cousin to each, they lack unity of purpose; whereby he passeth his life in a state of personal anxiety, which soureth his outgoings and his incomings.

These are the little dogs which you see of a cold Sunday morning ranged along the sunny side of small frame houses, with their backs against the door, shivering, and watering at the eyes.

If any of my acquaintance has such a pitiful calamity at his heels, or in his house, messuage, barn, stable, or other out-house, it is my advice, that he sell him soon; or he may lose by him; for I am resolved to write the whole tribe out of the market. I have a respect for any definite whole blooded, independent species of animals—even a ground hog; but this nondescript type of degeneracy—this walking image of baseness—this living blasphemy against all rules of natural science, I cannot away with.

I had the pleasure of travelling over the mountains, with one of these outcasts in the bottom of the stage. His master, a second Launce, was precisely such a vulgarian as would attach to his person "tame varmints" of this sort—a common man, of low forehead and fleshy mouth, with an obstinate looking shirt collar sticking up behind his ears. His dog, in addition to the qualities I have mentioned above, had one large projected glazed eye, and a fascinating habit of showing his under teeth. Affectionate glances ever and anon passed between him and his master: but for every body else, he seemed to eye them with cold suspicion, which on the slightest provocation, would kindle into deadly hate. This abominable couple kept the whole company sore for about one hundred miles. The first salutation I had, was a grab at my boot from Cupid, as he was called. The attack was so perfectly unprovoked, that I determined to annihilate him at once. It was so dark and crowded that I could not see him. I gave a tremendous kick in the direction I thought he was, which brought my tibia full against the wooden edge of the opposite bench, and the toe of my boot, which was intended to go down Cupid's throat, against the shin of an elderly Shaker, who was asleep in the opposite corner. I missed the god of love entirely, who nevertheless set up a yelp which waked every one up, and started the horses off at full gallop. The man of the shirt collar lifted up his voice also: "Can't you let the dog alone? —he's not disturbin' you."

"Sir," said I, (rubbing my leg, and using that cool tone of desperation which concealed agony always imparts,) "I give you distinctly to understand, that when I get hold of your dog, he goes out of the window; and if you say one word that is not perfectly respectful, you go after him."

I was going on to expound the law to him yet more fiercely, when the war broke out in another corner. I could see nothing—but heard a fierce growl, a violent kick, and a yelp. A voice seemed to issue from a chaos of cloaks and umbrellas, saying words of terrible import—and three or four pokes of a cane came so near my feet, that I drew my knees swiftly up, striking one of them against the proboscis of a man who was nodding in front of me. It brought him up as straight as a drum-major at review. I apologised just in time to save myself a black eye.

I then heard a rapid knocking upon the bottom of the stage, like a dog scratching himself. The next moment, the window flew open; there was a great growling, a scrabbling of toes against the sash, a yelp outside, the window closed, and all was silent, except the voice of the man with the shirt collar, demanding to be let out. "Let him out," was the cry, and off we rolled, leaving him whistling for his dog, swearing vengeance against us, and throwing stones after the coach. When matters were again composed, a long sigh of relief went round, and we settled ourselves for the night.

With these two exceptions, I have much to say in favour of dogs; but I must reserve that for another time, when I have not such a bad cold in the head.

A RUN UPON THE *STOCKS*.

A NEW SONG.

I sing of three adventurers,
  Who, much to their vexation,
By *rum* are taken in, which is
  No *funny* speculation.

And these are father—mother—son—
  Who, drinking, came to knocks:
They are a good for nothing stock,
  And so are in the *stocks*.

The first, un*bear*able 's a *bear*,
  And by his side's his chuck—
She is (an Irishism) a *bull*,
  Her son is a lame duck.

But for this stock exchange they did
  Not unto Bicknell go—
Themselves do rate the bill exchange
  Them fetters in *toe-toe*.

Now, at the *head* of this sad *tale*,
  Behold the stocks are shut,
Whilst cut off seem six feet to be,
  By this mest *cutty cut*.

Yes, fix'd in *toe-toe* you them see,
  One with a naked foot—
'Tis the lame duck, the bull and bear,
  Have both got *shoes* to *boot*.

As to the first, it is but right,
  That those who are so shocking
To waddle out with *naked feet*,
  Should get at least a *stock-in*.

But *bootless* are the other *shoes*,
  They will not them avail—
They've got no leg to stand upon,
  So cannot get leg bail.

MORAL.

Men say that stocks are lotteries—
  'Twere wise, then, without doubt,
Ere *laying in*, to ascertain
  The chance of *selling out*!

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THE ARM OF THE DEVIL.

——— "Ho! Signor Devil—
This your sign Manuel is—but mine the mark;
I' but the cross is better than the signature."—THE PACTION.

Jean Provost was an honest man, and his family of children and grandchildren, who all dwelt under his roof, were as well provided for, as any in the parish. He had the best cured bacon, and the finest flavoured cheeses in the district, and on holidays he could indulge himself and his guests with a rasher of the one, and dressed lentils; a slice of the other, and, to wash all over, a draught of wine, superior to the small beer sort of stuff, the poorer folks swallowed, under the fine name of *vin du pays*.

But Jean was old:—"he had been a soldier in his youth," and that did not make him a whit younger, for a soldier's life is a rough one, and wears a man sadly. But, though old, he was as brave in spirit as he had ever been; and except when the weather changed, and his old wounds, barometer-like, felt it, he was vastly good natured and happy. And so he might—for he was above want, and in comfort himself, and he knew that he had wherewithal to make those he cared for, equally so; he owed no man any thing, and was the owner of a snug little corner of land which he had bought from the Commissioners of confiscated domains six-and-twenty years before, with a little money he had saved, when quartered for two years in the house of one rich widow in the Fauxbourgh St. Antoine, in Paris, and twelve months and a half with another, in the Rue de Province in Lyons; for, though now bent and weak, he was once tall, comely, and strong. He also received a pension from the State, for the wounds he had gotten in its service.

At the time my tale begins, Jean was old, however, and even ill. He had caught a cold after dancing at the wedding of his eldest grandson. The apothecary of a neighbouring village in passing, having heard that Jean was sick, called to see him, and brought from out his saddle-bags, a goodly store of gallipots and pill boxes, papers of brick dust, and other medicines; but Jean, who had never been so ill before, said he would have none of them, and told the man of glysters to go "*au diable*." Whether he took his advice or not I cannot for a certainty state; though I deem it improbable that he did, seeing that he left the house muttering "*Mon Dieu.*"—not a very likely way of talking, when about making a call on the devil.

Jean ate, or tried to eat, fat bacon; and drink, or tried to drink, some of his best wine—but all would not do. When honest Jean Provost, some time ploughboy, and cultivator at the farm of Clos Giraud, next grenadier in Biron's chasseurs, and lastly, *propriétaire* in the department of Brest,—was born, it was decreed that sixty-eight years should be the term of his lease of life; and nature had fulfilled the contract. Now the time of expiry had arrived, and Jean felt, and his children saw, that he was dying. The veteran had always been a good Catholic, and had not missed hearing mass, and keeping lent and fast days, as strictly as his love of bacon, when cured, after his own fashion, would let him,—at least for the last dozen years. But his old friend, the curate, who had visited, and married, and buried, and eaten with every family in the parish in turn, had died lately of a surfeit, from disposing of the greater part of a young pig, the half of a turkey, and six "*omelettes a la Fermiere*," at a merry-making, on the marriage of the young woman whom he called his niece, and the world called his daughter; and he had been succeeded by some zealous lenten-faced, soupmaigre eating, but plotting and avaricious Jesuits, called in modern parlance missionaries, who settled themselves in an old monastery, and undertook the cure of all the souls in the parish.

Jean had a mortal dislike to these fellows, who were always preaching about the lost property of the church,—the propriety of refunding it, and the blessedness of tithe paying. But how could the old fellow act, when he found himself dying? No other priest was to be had, and what good Catholic would die *sans* absolution? So he even sent for one of those lean faced gentry, on purpose to receive his certificate of discharge from the army of this world, that he might the more readily get admission into one of the standing regiments of heaven. A member of the scarecrow tribe soon arrived, for they knew Jean to be a man who could pay, and proceeded with-

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out delay to his bed side. He was fast approaching to the grave; but the friar would not let him get quietly into it, by easing his soul, and by giving him extreme unction, till he confessed and did penance. Did penance—why old Jean could not turn on his side,—yet he was obliged to own that he had flirted with the widows—had liked wine too well, and had eaten too much bacon in his life-time,—even on Fridays. "Now," thinks he, "he'll surely dismiss me;"—but, no;—Jean Provost was told he could not have absolution till he restored to the church the lands which had once been its property, but which he had fairly bought and paid for! At this startling proposition, Provost, weak as he was, raised himself up and stared—as well he might. He then, by looks, declined to acquiesce in this modest demand. It was reiterated with threats. Jean recovered speech—cursed the old monk—made signs to his son to kick him down stairs—was eagerly obeyed—shook hands with his children—blessed their offspring—said an ave—and gave his spirit to its Giver. The priest, with an aching breech, hastened to communicate this bad success to his brethren, and they swore to be revenged. This, they thought they would do, by sending word to Jean's family, that they would not permit him Christian burial," even if he came to the churchyard—which he would never do;"—(true, dead men don't walk far,) "for," said they, "the Devil, and three of his servants, would carry him to hell the same night."

Jean's friends were dreadfully frightened at all this; but an old fellow-soldier of his, who happened to be a guest in the house at the time, smelt the rat beneath a cassock, and answered them that "his old friend's bones would lie in the churchyard, and devil a bit of the devil would touch them, till they got there." "How shall we secure them?" they inquired.—" Leave that to me, answered the old boy. "Give me a bottle of brandy—a slice of your bacon—leave your doors on the latch, and I'll dare all the devils that come to touch the coffin of Jean Provost, my old and worthy comrade!" Night arrived—Jean's friends crept fearfully to bed—the old soldier had his brandy and bacon; and, having primed himself with a dose of both, and sharpened a massy hanger which hung at his side, he sat down by his friend's corpse and sang old songs, and smoked from old pipes, till twelve o'clock. A few minutes after that hour, strange noises were audible without; screams were echoed by howls, and grunts by groans; footsteps were heard on the ground floor of Provost's cottage, and above all, a strong smell of sulphur; but recollecting it was used in manufacturing gunpowder, he took another *petite verre* of brandy, and was quite ready for the nocturnal visitors, who soon floundered into the dead man's chamber, and began to unscrew his coffin. "What d'ye want with my old friend, you rogues?" cried Pierre; but he got no answer. They began to lift the body—" Come, come," said he," let him alone, will ye?" No reply.—"Then have at ye, you old humbugs!" bawled Pierre, and with one swing of his hanger he cut off the hand of the most forward devil of the party.

If devils don't feel pain, they at least cry when they appear to be hurt, for this one roared unmercifully. He was, however, carried off; Jean Provost was replaced in his coffin—next day was quietly buried in it—his friend Pierre Jaquemont was well paid for his sentinelship; and it was remarked for ever afterwards that the prior of the neighbouring Monastery held his missal during service in his left hand, and kept his right, if he had one, under the sleeve of his cassock!

THE RISING SON.

What a beautiful specimen of physical precocity! How charmingly he grows out of his breeches: how gracefully shert his jacket! His ma looks in wondering admiration at her stripling: his pa thinks he is a nonpareil. Honest couple, why should they not enjoy their opinions?

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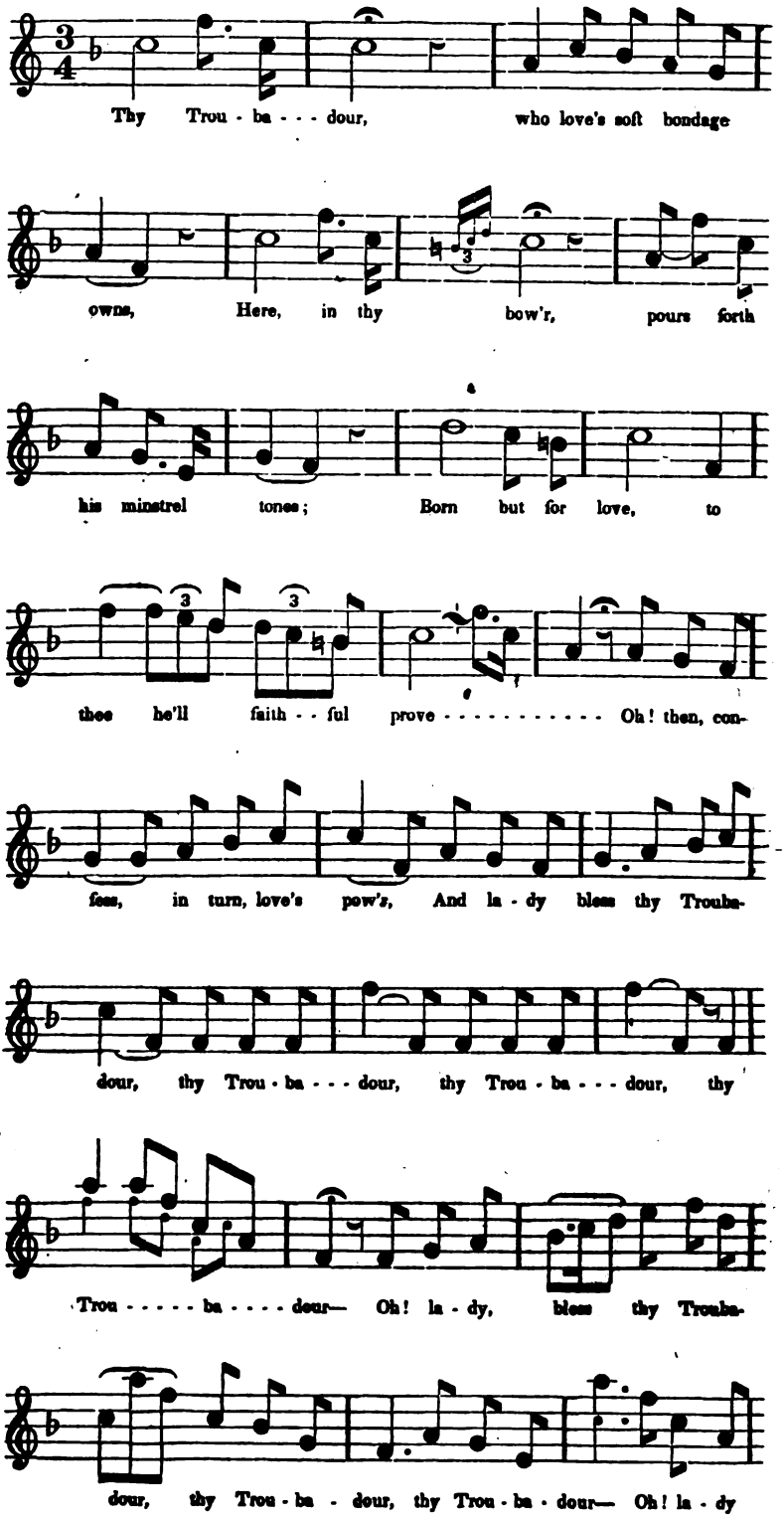
THE TROUBADOUR.



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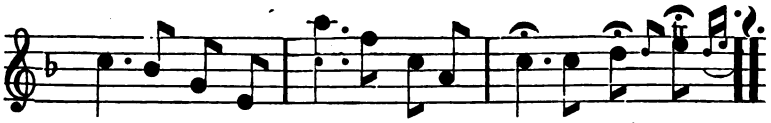

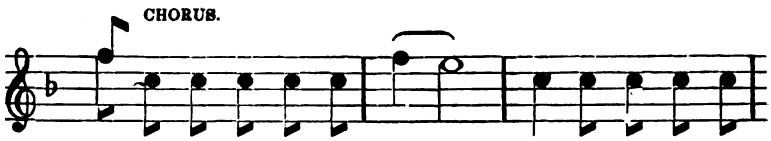

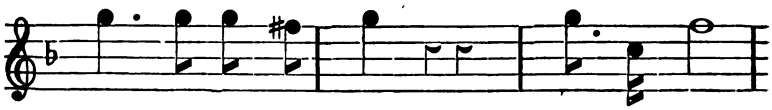

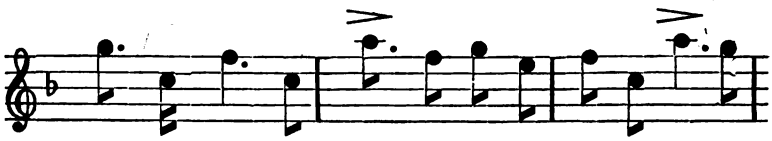

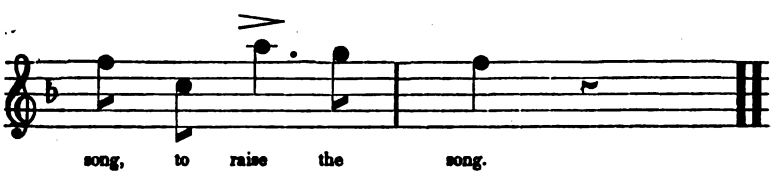

II.

Thy Troubadour, who melts with passion's flame,
Through ev'ry hour, sings to his peerless dame;
Hark! each fond tone,
I struck for thee alone;
Ah! then confess love's mutual power,
And, lady bless thy Troubadour.

Sound castanets while dancing,
Bounding in grace, advancing;
Hark! all the sprightly throng, join each joyful heart,
To raise the song, raise the song, raise the song,
Each heart to raise the song, to raise the song, to raise the song.

III.

Dear Troubadour, whose gentle mind is giv'n,
To glory's hour, or love's luxurious heav'n,
Keep firm thy oath,
To her who hears thy troth;
She'll soon confess love's mutual power,
And haply bless her Troubadour.
Sound castanets, &c.

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PRECIPITATION;

OR, THE FINISHED GENTLEMAN.

"Your fault," said a worthy old gentleman to his young friend, Frederick O'Bang, "your fault, my dear boy, is, that you are very precipitate—a very dangerous one in a man of warm temper." Now, Frederick was about to prove the truth of this observation by flatly denying it on the spot, but the absurdity of doing so fortunately struck him, and so, after telling his friend that he would consider the point, he shook him by the hand, and drove home, and shut himself up in his study.

Frederick, at the period when our story commences, had for two years been affianced to a lady of wealth, beauty, and great amiability of disposition. Miss Wrentmore loved our hero devotedly, O'Bang loved her vehemently. Ensign O'Slap was introduced to Miss W——. Ensign O'Slap, was an uprorious admirer of Miss W——'s style of beauty. Ensign O'Slap made her an offer of marriage; she declined it; he persevered; she resisted. In the course of time O'Slap and O'Bang became acquainted, and the former shortly afterwards making use of the appropriate simile that "it was the last feather on the camel's back that broke it," made "one more try of it," and was finally rejected; the lady's affections were engaged. O'Slap was not a man to brook an insult; and having ascertained that O'Bang was the proprietor of the lady's heart he challenged him; and fighting one another—slap—bang—on Battersea fields, O'Slap was killed by O'Bang. So far so *bad*.

A month or two afterwards O'Bang, on his return from the continent, wrote a letter to Miss Wrentmore, informing her that he had "come to the marvellously horrid conclusion, that, as such risks to his person might be of frequent occurrence, the marriage for all sakes had better be broken off." It was on hearing from his own lips that he had written this letter, that the worthy Mr. —— told him that he was *precipitate*.

Having said this much by way of preface, we will invite the reader to accompany us to our hero's study.

There he sat in his ponderous arm chair, with his elegant legs extended to the mantel piece, his arms folded, his head thrown back, and the smoke, winding upwards from his mouth, giving him the appearance of a contemplative chimney-pot. Our hero was engaged in the noblest study of mankind—*himself*—not himself, *O'Bang*, but himself as one of his species. After "keeping himself to himself," as chambermaids say, some thirty minutes, he slowly began as follows: "Then shall I do so? shall I do so? shall I do so? three times. Is that enough? Yes, it is evidently proper for both sakes that I should do so!" In another quarter of an hour he was knocking at Mr. Wrentmore's door in Portman square. He had determined on entreating Miss W—— to consider his last letter as not written. Not long he waited in his mistress's boudoir, before the door opened and Mr. Wrentmore, jun. made his appearance.

Mr. Wrentmore, jun. told him his behaviour was most precipitate. O'Bang expostulated; it was of no use. Wrentmore demanded satisfaction. O'Bang told him that "to avoid being precipitate in this instance, he should act immediately counter to his feelings, and decline giving satisfaction."

"You are a villain and a coward!" said Wrentmore, opening the street door. "Good evening, sir," said O'Bang, making his exit through it, and our hero walked slowly homeward; and on finding himself once more in the quietness of his study, he wrote a second letter to Miss W——, positively breaking off the marriage.

The next morning he was on his way to his lawyer to instruct him to serve Mr. Wrentmore with a copy of a writ for slander, when a legal looking individual, with a parchment *tout ensemble*, tapped him on the shoulder, and served him with a copy of a writ for breach of promise of marriage—"Wrentmore, Esq. *vs.* O'Bang, Esq." In a few weeks the jury brought in a verdict of 20,000*l.* damages. The money (with the excep-

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tion of 5,000*l.* the entire of his fortune) was paid, and our hero vowing eventual vengeance, retired to vegetate in France on 200*l.* a year.

"Thus," thought O'Bang, some four years afterwards, "acting against impulse has proved worse for me than acting upon it. Therefore I'll be precipitate again. I'll go to England and fight that horrid Wrentmore—yes, I will."

"You're a scoundrel!" said our hero, addressing Wrentmore, on meeting him in Pallmall, about three weeks afterwards, "and no gentleman!"

A blow was struck on both sides; the next morning they were looking unutterable things at Chalk Farm, and at seven o'clock, Mr. Wrentmore, junr. was a candidate for a coffin. O'Bang had shot him through the heart. But his vengeance was not completely satisfied.

Our hero, months afterwards, attended a fashionable gambling house in Paris. He was surprised to find old Wrentmore was a constant visitor also. He rejoiced at this; and fastening upon him one night, he risked all he had in the endeavour to win an enormous amount of the venerable gambler—and did win it. Old Wrentmore survived this loss but three days, and died by the bursting of a blood vessel.

This last blow, the death of her father, killed his lovely daughter too. She died of a broken heart.

"All this," said O'Bang to himself the week following, "is in consequence of my being precipitate. I see I am unfit to live!"

And O'Bang went up stairs, loaded a horse pistol heavily, and immediately blew out what brains he had.

THE LAST DROP.

Alas, how wretched is his state,
  Who, shorn like Phœbus of his glory,
Is doom'd alone to ruminate,
  Unheeded in an attic story!

We mourn his melancholy case,
  And wish his fate had been more lenient.
Ah, poverty is no disgrace,
  But very, very inconvenient!

To what sad shifts must men resort,
  Who try in vain to beg or borrow—
"My funds just now are really short—
  I beg you'll call again to-morrow."

To coax with skill the undarn'd hose,
  The trousers' flap to plant a pin in;
And button up the waistcoat close,
  Lest folks should mark the lack of linen.

Ah, these are pangs which hundreds feel—
  Once proud, and wealthy, and respected,
But now along life's pathway steal,
  Friendless, unpitied, and neglected.

Soon may their troubles find an end,
  Their toggery queer and diet meagre;
And may they boast one CORDIAL friend—
  A cheering smoke—a genuine segar!

Ah, when, dejected and with grief,
  We muse upon our former revels,
How soon the bottle gives relief,
  And from the spirit drives blue devils!

Fresh hopes arise, fair prospects bloom—
  We bask in sunshine and in summer;
But all is darkness, all is gloom,
  When "the last drop" is in the rummer.

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